

## C'mere George

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## C'mere George

by [CocoB0n](#)

### Summary

GeorgeNotFound, Dream, and Sapnap are always streaming and playing MineCraft together. They've been friends for years and nothing could change that. Even though they can be mean, troll, and tease each other, it's usually all forgiven.

George ends up moving to Florida to get an education over seas and develop his coding skills. None of his followers know about him moving and neither does Dream or Sapnap. He would've mentioned it but he just never brought it up. Plus, he's excited to see what living in the United States will bring him.

### Notes

Hello everyone, Thank you for clicking on this story if you do.

I'm writing this story because I love the idea of George X Dream. It seems funny and cute all the moments they have together.

As a warning before anyone comments, no I don't think they are actually gay for each other. If they are that's completely fine, but I think it's just a platonic friendship. This story I'm writing for myself but I would like to share it with anyone who is also as interested as I am.

Some things are different in this story than how they actually are in real life. I will list them here, so keep them in mind.

- All the dream team except for George basically grew up in Florida
  - I made the location college because I wanted to keep the ages similar
  - I don't believe any of the dream team would act the way I describe in the story, i feel all of them would be extremely sweet people. This is just for the story
  - George face isn't known by any of the dream team and George doesn't know what any of them look like either. For story reasons
  - I'll try to keep some details of their live similar in the story, but they deserve their privacy so i'm not gonna be digging for sensitive details about their life. i feel most of that should be private. That's why family members will be vaguely addressed or not at all
  - \* If I add any more small details like this, I'll be sure to let you know
- If you have any comments or critiques let me know, I won't cry (Prob)
- Enjoy reading!

## Sweet Dreams

The apartment George was renting turned out to be better than expected. For 1,200\$, it could've went worse. There was a bedroom with a medium sized bed, a small kitchen with the essentials, windows that showed flourishing trees, and his desk with his legendary computer and monitors. He couldn't ask for more in his temporary stay in Florida.

George was currently attending a university in Florida to develop his skills in coding and game design. He applied a few months ago and was ecstatic to receive a acceptance email. It took some time to plan how he was gonna afford the tuition and where exactly he would stay, but once he figured it out he was on his way to the United States. He was determine to follow his dreams.

The apartment was full of his stuff, which took about 3 hours. He didn't bring much with him besides some photos of family, some movies, some room furniture, and his favorite comforter.

Flinging himself on the bed, George snuggled close to the cool pillow sheets. His muscles were sore and he was pretty sure he gained a splinter. Florida was also awfully hot but luckily his apartment had air conditioning which was included as part of the rent. Beside those small things, everything was going great.

His phone flashed from the side of the bed signaling a notification.

*'Wonder what that's about'* George thought to himself. He grabbed his phone to see a Twitch notification. His eyes brightened and he immediately shot up. His fatigue from all the moving vanished completely and he nearly bolted to his computer. Setting up his connection and placing his headphones on, he noticed the time. *'9 p.m. isn't too late, right?'*

Shrugging the thought away, George sent a generous donation to his best pal.

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**"GeorgeNotFound sent a Donation of 20\$: Dream, how's the speed running going"** read the obnoxious Siri voice of the Donation box.

Clay glanced toward the stream as soon as he heard the username. It cost him his 6 minutes in game streak but he didn't care too much. The seed wasn't too good anyway. He chuckled a bit "George, you're on?"

"Hey Dream" The higher pitch British boy replied.

It was nighttime in Florida, but dream knew that meant early morning in Britain. It was pretty crazy because he knew George went to bed earlier than early morning. Still, it was a nice treat to find his friend was awake.

"Isn't it past your bedtime" Clay teased.

"No it is not, I don't have a bedtime dream. I'm not five"

Clay loved it when George got defensive. It just made him want to tease him more and see how riled up he could get. It was especially funny when George voice started rising and Clay could never contain himself. It was like a endless giggle fest.

"Oh my god dream-"

Clay snapped back to his screen and saw the Minecraft death screen. "Pfft, what, How did that happen!" he laughed. George could be heard groaning from the other side.

"wow, real smart dream"

Clay continued steaming for a little while longer while George remained watching. They had occasional discussions of how bad dream was doing or if dream got off topic and started trying to fight a raid, they always had something to bicker about. It wasn't until around 1 a.m he decided to stop the streaming.

"Okay guys I think I'm gonna end it here". After so may failed attempts, he was exhausted. He hadn't eaten and his voice was getting sore due to commentating. The chat didn't want him to go but they understood.

"I'll stream more tomorrow, goodnight guys". Clay ended the livestream and was met with a soft snoring noise. It kind of startled him as he thought George stopped the call over a hour ago. He didn't actually realize it was George until he heard him sleep mumble.

"mm Florida bay" George whispered.

Clays palms started to sweat. *Why was he talking about Florida.* George didn't know but Clay was currently living in Florida. Sapnap, Badboyhalo, Skeppy, and him all currently lived in the same apartment. They never told George but they never had a reason to in first place. It just got brushed under. He shook the thought off and listened to the older boy's soft breathes a little while longer.

He couldn't help but think the boy was kind of cute when he slept.

George didn't know but Clay had a sort of admiration for the older boy. They've been friends for a while and always collaborate together. Out of everyone, even the guys he lived with, George always seemed to come first in his thoughts. He wasn't gay for him or anything, but he still did care. A big grin plastered on his face as George let out a weird noise that sounded like a snore and choke.

"I love you George, goodnight". With that, clay ended the call and left George to sleep peacefully wherever he was.

# Paths crossing

## Chapter Summary

George attends his first day of Florida college.  
What kind of encounters will he have?  
How will his day go?  
What will be waiting for him at the end of the day.

George woke up extremely late. He was supposed to be up for his first class that started at 10A.m. and it was currently 9A.m. He hadn't showered nor ate breakfast. To make things worse, he was still sweaty from yesterday's humid weather.

Luckily, his bookbag was packed beforehand in case something like this happened. He already knew how messed up his sleep schedule was and assumed waking up in time was a unlikely story.

'900 IQ right there' George thought smugly to himself. He decided the best course of action would be to take a quick shower and then head out the door. Afterward, going to a convenient store for breakfast before class was also possibility but that depended on how quick his shower was. *'I can probably shower fast'*

Turns out, his shower wasn't quick at all.

When he finally emerged from the bathroom, fully clothed and relaxed, he took a glance at the clock. It read 9:40a.m. His mouth dropped open and the room seemed to become even hotter.

"Oh my god I am *so* late" George ran out from his apartment like he was being chased by Dream. During his panicking he still kept reasoning in his head how the drive would probably be about 20 minutes and getting to the actual class would be about 10 minutes, resulting in the conclusion that there is no way he would make it.

George started the car with lightning speed, pulling out of the complex and driving as fast as he could to his university. (Kids reading this, please drive safely :) ).

'*Florida traffic is crazy, like nobody knows how to drive around here*' George thought to himself grimly. Nearly two accidents later and he finally made it to campus.

Jumping out of his car, closing the door, and locking it took about 2 minutes because he couldn't find his keys. It took a minute but he realized he left them in the car.

'Oh my god I am gonna be so late!' George frantically thought to himself. He began to walk as fast as he could to the classroom of his lecture. Running wasn't an option unless he wanted to look like a weirdo so it was the awkward fast walking instead.

George glanced down at his watch which read 10:02. The color drained from his face, he needed to find his class and *fast* .

While he wasn't looking where he was going, he ended up hitting face first into some soft material. It smelt like vanilla and smoke. Turns out, the sweet smelling soft material was being worn by somebody. When said person turned around, George got even paler and his memorization of the

smell faded.

A rather tall gentlemen with dirty blonde hair and striking green eyes glared down at him. It seemed as if he didn't take too kindly of people bumping into him this early in the morning. His eyes were droopy as if he hasn't slept well in years and the only way he would gain his sleep back would to beat George up.

Not gonna lie, if it weren't for George being so nervous, he would say the guy was actually kind of cute. Although, he wouldn't admit that out loud. Especially right now.

Looking downward, George spoke in the best American accent he could manage. "Sorry about that pal, wasn't looking where I was going".

Glancing back up, his mocha eyes met with the blonde guys stare. He looked at him neutrally as if he was used to meeting crazy people. Still, George was late and he needed to make it to class. He didn't have time to potentially mess up his college life by starting a battle with some random cute guy. *'well not cute but you know.'*

Taking one last look at the blonde guy, George made his final decision and ran off. Behind him he could hear some guy asking if "He's okay". George didn't stay to hear the response.

*'It wasn't like I pushed him on purpose, I just bumped into him'* George thought annoyed. When he got further away, he swore he heard a familiar laugh. It reminded him of Dream's wheeze. Not as potent but still had the whistle affect.

George turned his head fast in a desperation to find where the noise came from. Whoever it was that sounded like Dream disappeared into the crowd.

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George was only five minutes late to the class surprisingly. The teacher also didn't seem to care when she saw him sneak in, just shrugged it off. Seemed to be his lucky day, kind of.

The class wasn't anything special, just a lecture as you'd expect of college. There was mentions of research papers and projects but a syllabus was handed out so there wasn't a need to be overly concentrated.

George's eyes wandered a bit to the guy who sat next to him. He looked older with a stubble beard growth and a grey sweatshirt. The guy seemed to be zoning off into space ever since he entered the room and sat next to him. Honestly, George wouldn't be surprised if the guy was repeating a year. He looked like a bit of a messy head, his hair was all over the place.

A rumble was felt in George stomach and he looked longingly at the clock. *I'm so hungry I haven't even ate anything today* . George thought to himself. *' Maybe the convenient store I saw on my way here might have something good '*.

The second time George's stomach rumbled, the bearded guy next him glanced over.

The third time, a small cracker pack was pushed over in front of him. It wasn't opened at all and was a peanut flavor. George didn't wat to take a snack from some random guy but he was *really* hungry. And sleep deprived. Those two combined don't result in the best decisions.

There was a small piece of paper with some writing along with the crackers.

'Hey my name is Nick. WBY?'

George smiled, starting to feel bad that he thought the guy was dumb before. Perhaps he was actually a nice person who wanted to make a friend during college.

'My name is George' George stared at the clock and realized how much time the lecture still had. He chuckled to himself.

'Thanks for the Crackers'.

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By the time class ended, he made a new friend.

Nick and him exchanged GroupMe accounts for the class, so they could text questions or talk. He would've offered Nick his phone number but he felt it would be weird.

Around the five minute mark of class ending, Nick started to get fidgety around his phone. He kept checking the screen, would rub his head, proceed to put his phone on the table, and then do the same thing thirty seconds later. George assumed it was maybe a girlfriend.

The eight time he did his phone fidget cycle, he left the phone with the screen upward.

George didn't want to invade his privacy by looking at the messages. He felt like it would be wrong and he didn't want to do his new friend dirty. Still, when the buzzing of his phone shook their shared desk and Sophia the first theme song played rather loudly, his eyes unconsciously looked at the phone screen.

*'Nicky boo were here to pick you up from class'* by Your Minecraft Boyfriend.

*'I guess it's his boyfriend?'* George internally chuckled.

When the professor finally dismissed them, Nick sat up really fast and bolted out of the room. This confused George immensely and he couldn't help but wonder if it was something he did. He thought they had fun conversations through the 2 hour lecture.

After quickly gathering his stuff, he took a glance toward the door of the lecture room. His body visibly shook when he saw who was hanging in the doorway.

The blonde kid who he bumped into and Nick who he just met, were having a conversation together. They appeared to be good friends. Another kid with hazelnut hair and glasses was also standing with them and talking about something. If George had to be honest, he kind of wished he could join the fun. It reminded him a lot of how exciting it is to have a group of friends to talk to.

After moving to Florida, he'd been so busy unpacking and setting up school related stuff. He didn't give himself the time of day to think about how lonely it's been without his family and friends support who were back in Brighton.

George couldn't hear them very well but by the way Nick glanced at him, it seems as if they were talking about him. When he saw the way the blonde man sneaked a peek over to him, his heart started to beat fast.

*'It's the coffee. It's the coffee. It's the coffee'* George chanted to himself as he stared bug eyed at them. He didn't even *consume* coffee this morning. At this point, he was unsure of what he should do so he hightailed it out of there. He exited through the other pair of doors that wasn't guarded by the scary blonde.

*'There goes my friendship with Nick'* George groaned to himself. All because he was too nervous to go up to the blonde guy from earlier. Still, he was appreciative of the crackers Nick gave him. Maybe they could clear the misunderstanding later.

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By the time George got home, he was ready for sleep. He hadn't streamed at all in the past few days due to moving but he thought he'd get a chance tonight now that he was settled. It appears life and the random coding assignment he got had other plans.

"There's no way" George grumbled "This is way too hard. It's impossible and doesn't make sense". Maybe he should've been listening in class. So he wouldn't have to deal with this headache.

It took about an hour before George gave up and turned on his Minecraft. He'd much rather do something exciting and eventful then stare at the confusing numbers. The immediate thought was to go to Hipixel and play Bedwars but his plans were crushed in seconds when his phone started to buzz.

There was a message from dream.

'George, come on the server. I'm gonna be streaming soon'. Said brown haired boy was perplexed. Dream never asked him to hang out before a stream. He usually starts the stream and expects George to attend whenever he can.

George wasted no time into logging in and calling the green blob.

"Hey George, guess what". Dream's tone was ecstatic and reached high pitches. He sounded like a little kid who just got allowed soda for the first time. An extremely hyper child.

"What is it" George nervously chuckled. Hyper dream was a scary dream.

His voice was cackling in mischief "Sapnap's house, it's on fire".

"Oh my god you did not"

"I did!"

"Dream, you're crazy he's not gonna like this"

"It's fine George don't worry about it. He won't even know"

That is where Dream was wrong, because five seconds later Sapnap joined the call in pure rage.

"Dream! What! Did! You! Do! To my house!"

Dream's laughter cackling at the sound of Sapnap's anger. George couldn't help but join in on the laughter fest.

Although George was missing everyone back home, it was nice to know he had his best friends here to always make him feel better. Even when they were being "Muffin-heads". He still loved them.

"Hey dream"

"Yeah?"

"What would you think if we met each other in real life"

Dream was quite for a second. He seemed hesitant to answer the question but George didn't back down.

"I wonder how Florida would be like and to see your mom"

"Quit talking about my mom George". Dream let out a pained laugh "George, I feel like if we met in person it'd be the greatest thing to happen to me"

George heart stopped in his throat as he was caught off guard. *No way*, Dream had to be joking. He's such a flirt.

"Please George, If I met you right now I would give you the nicest hug and I'd bring you to my crafting table-"

"Stop! Don't bring that up again".

Dream chuckled but George couldn't find too much amusement in it. He felt his cheeks start to blush as he stared dazzling at the computer. If only he was able to see Dream, maybe he could put his feelings to rest. Maybe confess to Dream and get a permanent VISA to America, maybe live a successful life with dream, and maybe forget about that cute green eyed boy too.

# Rainy days

## Chapter Summary

The only way to blossom a loving relationship  
Is to plant an awkward conversation.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Waking up at 10a.m. proved to be difficult for Clay. Not because it was too early for him, it was due to the dark stormy weather outside. It looked as if it could start pouring any second and the threatening thunder didn't do much in his ability to fully wake up.

It was calming, the soft rumble and occasional drips on his window promising of a shower. The way his window curtain above his bed could be open and the sun wouldn't shoot in his eyes. This type of weather Clay was used to and loved to sleep in for. If he didn't have three extra alarms, he would have kissed his attendance to school goodbye.

Clay sat up and brushed his fingers through his golden locks. His navy blue pajama pants was all he wore, curtsy to Florida's warm nights. He attempted to sleep with a white merch T-shirt but it failed around 2a.m. The T-shirt was laying on his gaming chair next to his bed, along with a few of GeorgeNotFound merch sweatshirts.

The only time he wore those sweatshirts was for casual hangouts with his team or when it was raining outside. "Good thing they're clean" Clay mumbled, reaching for the fabric. He stared at the blocks of GeorgeNotFound printed onto the front. It looked slightly blurry due to his still sleep deprived eyes, but he knew George's logo anywhere.

Clay stared at the sweatshirt intimately, thinking of last night's call. They stayed awake pretty late last night. Not playing Minecraft or anything, just talking peacefully about random things. George had started discussing his ideas of a new mod and Clay talked about his thoughts on completing a new world record of speed running. Overall, a wholesome discussion.

It was a little foggy for Clay because of how late it was, but he swore he and George were talking about how amazing it would be to see each other in real life. Normally they would just laugh it off and agree how amazing it would be, but George really seemed desperate to meet him. He sounded very lonely whenever the topic would be brushed off.

"Clay?" A feminine voice whispered. Clay looked down to the black haired girl lying to the right side of his bed. "Why are you up, it's so early".

Clay shook off the guilty thoughts of George and gave the girl a sweet smile. "Nothing babe, just go back to sleep". The girl in the bed gave him a playful glare and turned over to go back to sleep. He unconsciously started scratching at his hand feeling anxiety creep over him. There's no way he could be thinking about George this way, he had a girlfriend and he wouldn't want to break her heart.

The rain started to pour harder at the window, the sound of thunder began to rumble in bigger

spurts, and the lightning became more vibrant outside.

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Clay sat on the stairs outside, covered by the stone soffit of the school building. It kept him dry from the rain that hadn't stopped since morning. As of now, it was 3p.m. His lunch hour.

Normally, he would be hanging out with Nick and Darryl but both had no classes today. So he was forced to eat alone by the back of the building. At least, he thought he was alone.

Sounds of small angry mumbling could be heard to Clays right. He turned his head to find the short boy who bumped into him yesterday, soaked head to toe. The boy looked extremely peeved about being wet, but then again he should've expected it. Florida always has random rain spurts.

At first, Clay wanted to wheeze at the sight. ' *This guy must be from California or something* '.

Then, the shorter boy started to take off his wet sweatshirt. Only problem was the fact that his wet T-shirt underneath was sticking to the sweatshirt, causing some skin to be exposed. His chuckling muted quite fast.

Immediately, Clay turned the other way trying to grant the soaked boy some privacy. After all, he wasn't just some creep. Even when he looked away, he still couldn't forget what he just saw. ' *Oh my god I hope he doesn't talk to me* '.

When Clay felt a safe amount of time had passed, he went back to look at the shorter boy. Brown eyes met green ones and panic set in. The short boy had his mouth agape a little as if he saw a ghost. Or a serial killer. Honestly, Clay couldn't tell. All he knew was that it reminded him of look he'd received from the brown haired boy on their first encounter.

With more sleep in his mind and a desperation not to get the guy scared away this time, he offered him a weak smile.

Color rushed into the brown haired boy's face, almost as if he was blushing.

' *How cute* ' Clay softly thought to himself. Their eyes remained locked in place, as the sounds of dribbling rain drops seemed to ease up. Birds started chirping in the distance and Clay could've sworn he saw a bit of light gleaming on the brown eyed guy's cheek. The scene seemed as if it could've come from a movie.

The brown eyed boy's mouth opened a bit, looking as if he wanted to start a conversation. Unfortunately though, before a single word could've come from his mouth, Clay's phone started to ring gently from his right pocket.

Clay saw who it was from and answered immediately.

"Hey babe! I'm out with my girlfriends tonight, I don't think I'll make it home"

Of course, he shouldn't have even been surprised. A small pain kicked his heart. She was always hanging out with her girlfriends, even last night she came home around 5a.m. smelling of alcohol.

"Okay, stay safe. Don't party too hard" Clay sweetly spoke, ignoring the betrayal he felt.

"I know, I know. Don't be overdramatic. I love you so much! I'll see you when I get home".

"Oh okay. I love you-"

She hung up before he could finish.

“I love you too” Clay whispered to himself. *‘I guess it’s okay if she’s just having fun with friends’*.

He stared down at the phone screen. His background was a picture of him and his girlfriend on their 4 month anniversary. *‘So much has changed’*

Almost forgetting about the soaked boy from earlier, Clay looked back to where he was to find nobody there. “I guess he ran off,” Clay mumbled to himself “What a bummer”.

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George had ran off after hearing the phone ring. His heart was racing profoundly and he couldn’t stop the warmth in his cheeks.

*‘What was that, what even just happened’* He panicked when he saw the blonde hair guy smile so sweetly. Yesterday, he was a random grumpy guy he’d bump heads with and today it was like he was a different person.

“Oh my *GOD* . I can’t believe I didn’t say Hello. Why would I say hello? This is such an embarrassment!” George groaned loudly, feeling like the stupidest person on the planet. “First I bump into him and now he basically sees me undressing. Today can’t get worse”.

After rubbing his eyes aggressively, he looked up. Again, he was met by another pair of eyes.

George shrieked, not expecting to see a whole person staring down at him. The guy who met eyes with him had soft features, almond shaped eyes and a droopy worrisome smile.

“Oh my god, you scared me” George gasped looking away “I’m sorry for yelling so loudly, that must’ve startled you as well”.

When George got no reply, he looked back to the soft boy. He was still standing there, but this time his eyes glued to his phone.

*‘This is strange situation’* George thought to himself *‘Although not as strange as his last encounter’*

After another second, the boy gave George his phone. On it there was a small text message spelt out.

‘Hello, I’m sorry for scaring you. I don’t feel comfortable speaking so I wasn’t able to get your attention. You seemed to be having a tough time with something so I got a little curious. My name is Callahan, what’s your name’.

George glanced at the kid, back at the screen, and then back to the kid. “My name’s George. Oh and that’s completely fine! I understand. I just moved here from Brighton and honestly, I don’t know anyone here”.

Callahan looked at George for a long moment, deep into thought.

“If it’s alright with you, would you like to be friends?”.

Callahan snapped out of his train of thought, processing what was just said. A smile graced his features and he nodded very excitedly. George chuckled.

Callahan took a piece of paper and a pen from his bag. He started to scribble for a second before handing George the small piece of loose-leaf. A number was scratched onto it.

“Thank you, I’ll send you a text,” George cheerfully stated. When he looked down to his phone to start a 'Hello' text to the new number, he realized just how late it had gotten.

“Sorry Callahan, I’ve got to get to my next class. I’ll talk to you later” and with that George rushed off.

Callahan stared at the figure walking off, thinking critically. He just knew something was familiar about George. The way he spoke sounded so similar to-

‘Wait’ He thought to himself in a state of shock, wondering if he heard correctly ‘Is that *George*’.

## Chapter End Notes

I was watching Dreams stream today and was so ecstatic when he got his sub 25. It inspired me to write this chapter because his stream ended early and I had nothing else to do (except the mountains of homework that I haven't started)

Sorry this was a slow chapter, but it seems like someone connected the dots :D I wonder what will happen now that Callahan the big brain is putting the situation together. I've sorta got an idea of how the story will play out. I wonder If I should make it more on the tragic side or frustratingly cute. I don't know.

Also if you notice any awful spelling let me know, I'm trying to fix corrections on 2 hours of sleep but all the letters are starting to look the same lol.

# unexpected encounters

## Chapter Summary

It's important to trust those who are close  
Usually they are the ones who love us the most

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George's last class ended later than usual. Normally he'd be making his way home around six but he stayed back for a bit to ask his teacher some questions on the assignment. By the time their discussion was done, the school became vacant. Only a few people were still inside.

As George walked down the empty halls of the school his heels made some thumps when met with the flooring. It was extremely quiet and some lights were even automatically turning off. Sounds of vents made a whistling noise that sent shivers down his back.

*' This is creepy '* George thought to himself.

He turned a corner to see the blonde haired guy once again. His back was turned to George and he appeared to be on the phone with somebody. His hands were all bundled into his hair and he was pacing sideways. His shoulders were tensed up and although George couldn't see his face, he could assume that the guy was extremely upset.

*' There's no way this is real, this has to be staged '* George debated *' He seems to always pop out from nowhere '*. They were the only ones down the hall, and by the looks of it the whole school as well.

George would normally give people their rightful privacy, but something about that guy seemed to lull George in. Like a siren of the sea.

*' If I could just get a little closer, maybe I could hear what they're talking about '*.

George leaned in closer, approaching the blonde guy from behind. He could hear a little bit of the voice on the other side. It sounded like a female voice, and it appeared as if she was yelling.

*' They're most definitely arguing '*.

Before George could take another step, someone grabbed his arm and yanked him away. This freaked him out but before he could scream, someone put a hand over his mouth. It mumbled the noise but not enough so all the sound was muted.

Turning his head, he saw Callahan.

Callahan had a serious look on his face, as if telling George something. It seemed like he was saying *' If you go over behind that guy, you will most likely not survive '*.

The mute boy grabbed George's hand and pulled him toward the entrance of the building, away from the blonde guy on the phone. A chilling shout of "Then sleep at your friends house" was

heard, but George chose to ignore it. It wasn't his business.

Callahan and him made it to the front of the building. The dusk sky was clear and the sun was vibrating. It was relaxing after being inside for almost the whole day. But, George had more important business to be thinking about rather than the sunset.

"Callahan, what are you doing around here"

Callahan looked up at George and sighed. He took out his phone and wrote something.

'I was saving you from that mess. Trust me, you don't want to get involved in Clays personal life drama. He doesn't appreciate people meddling'.

George was baffled. It appeared he wasn't the only one nervous of the blonde guy.

'Wait did he say his name was? Clay?' "Callahan, who is that guy".

Callahan was bewildered. He stared up at George as if he lost a brain cell. 'Clay is Dream' was what he wanted to say, but restrained himself.

Callahan took a deep breath, preparing to confront George on who he actually was. It was rather awkward and he was unsure of how to go about it.

He was ready to start writing another message but George stopped him.

"Sorry Callahan, it's getting late and I really need to get home. I'm sorry for this weird interaction today but I'll be sure to text you once I'm home".

Callahan wanted to protest but George already turned away. *'Dang it'* He thought grimly.

Before Callahan could begin to leave, he heard footsteps come up from behind him. He turned fast and caught a glimpse of Clay behind him. His fists were clenched and the normal goofy smile he held was gone. His green eyes were piercing toward the sunset, where George's silhouette could barely be noticed as he headed to his car.

A pit rose in Callahan's stomach.

"Callahan, was that guy eavesdropping on me?" Although his voice remained void of emotion, the lower octave easily signaled that Clay had aggressive suspicion about him.

Doing the only thing he thought was right, Callahan shook his head 'no'. He began to write a pleading statement in his notebook.

'Just a friend, we were walking together from class and saw you. It was only for a second but I promise you we didn't hear anything, just saw that you looked upset'.

Callahan offered a reassuring smile and Clay eased up.

"Alright. if that's all, I'll be heading home. Get home safe Callahan". Clay waved him off as he began to walk to his parked truck.

*' This stress is not good for my soul '* Callahan let out a shaky breath as his legs started to feel all mushy *' I have to confront George A.S.A.P '*.

---

When George entered his room, he let out a nervous sigh.

Florida seemed like such an amazing idea when he first got the message from the college, announcing him accepted. After these few days though, his mind was starting to waver on his decision.

‘ *What if I just go back to Brighton* ’ he couldn’t help but think. There were friends and family there, he never felt alone. He could talk to Dream and everyone without worrying about school, and he had his fans to cheer him up as well. ‘ *I don’t know what to do* ’.

George sunk down to his bed and rested his face into the pillows. He debated screaming but he assumed the neighbors might hear him. The walls weren’t the thickest, after all. As he felt himself sink into more of a bad mood, his phone started to buzz.

‘ *It’s probably just Dream or something* ’ George thought, not paying it too much mind. He let it buzz for a while before answering it.

On the other side there were noises of cars and animals squeaking around. It sounded like outside or as if he had his window open. After a soft second, he could hear Dream mumble something but it was hard to hear. All his noises sounded muffled.

“Dream? Hello?” George called out. There wasn’t an immediate reply, but after a few seconds there was a small “Hey George”.

George picked up on the depressive tone and got a little worried. Dream wasn’t normally gloomy. He was either upbeat or tired, never much in between.

“You good Dream?”.

“No”.

There was a silence that came over them and he heard Dream groan.

“I think my girlfriend is cheating on me”.

George sputtered. ‘ *Girlfriend? Since when did Dream have a girlfriend?* ’. He stared at his phone screen in shock, unable to put words in his mouth. What was he supposed to *say* ?

“She keeps going out every night and doesn’t come back until late” Another stressful sigh made its way through the phone speaker “It’s been like this for weeks and I don’t know what to do”.

George started to regain his thoughts as he took this information in, finally deciding on what he would say.

“Break up with her”

“No George, I can’t just break up with her. We’ve been together for only a few months and I still don’t know if she’s actually cheating”.

Somewhere inside, George felt hurt. Dream had known George longer than his girlfriend and he didn’t even tell him about her. He knew Dream was a private person, but they still had enough trust in one another to talk about stuff like *this* .

“Well obviously she isn’t treating you right, so the best thing to do would be to break up so nothing gets worse” George said resentfully. How could Dream not tell George about this, why did he feel so heartbroken about this, ‘ *nothing is making sense* ’. “Why would you even date someone that acts like that in the first place”.

“George you’re so stupid, why would I break up with someone over something so small-”

“Dream. I’m stupid? Look at you, you’re the one chasing after some sort of slag”

There was a tense silence again.

George sighed, realizing he went too far. He let his jealous feelings get in the way, he should've been a friend first and supported Dream. He was probably going through a rough time.

"I'm sorry Dream, I didn't mean to get upset. I guess I'm just hurt you never told me that you had a girlfriend. I thought I would've been one of the first people you would have told, but you didn't say anything".

George looked back to his phone screen and saw the call ended. It ended a few seconds ago, before Dream could even hear George's apology. *'Well that's not good'*.

Realistically, whenever him and Dream argued it was solved within a phone call. This time, George felt like there was more to it. While he didn't feel as if he was in the wrong, he did feel like he went about it in the wrong way.

*'I'll just let him cool off and we'll talk about it later'*.

While he scrolled through his phone, he remembered he had to text Callahan. While he started to type the number in the box, he saw a contact already registered under Callahan's number. It was... Callahan? The same one he usually played Minecraft with.

He texted him, confused and excited. Also, a tiny bit awkward.

'Callahan, I had no idea you went to school in Florida'

A little while later, a reply popped up.

'George! I realized it was you and I was gonna tell you earlier, but you kept running off >:('

A small chuckle escaped George's lips. *'That must've been nerve wracking for Callahan'*

'What an awful misunderstanding, I hope nothing like that happens again' he typed back.

It was kind of strange, who would've thought Callahan would be in Florida of all places. Nonetheless, in the same campus at the same time.

'Hey Callahan, why did you grab me before when we were in the hallways. You should've called out to me'.

'I couldn't, at least not with clay around. If he found out that you were listening in his conversation he would've been so angry. It wouldn't have mattered who you were. He hates when people eavesdrops on him'.

*'Oh so that's why'* George thought. He knew Clay seemed like a force to be reckoned with if he's got Callahan being this nervous, but something still felt off about it all.

'George, I've got something else to tell you. I'm not the only one from the server that attends this school'.

'Huh? What is that supposed to mean'

'Dream, Sapnap, BadBoyHalo, Skeppy, and ItsAlyssa also go here. There's more people who do as well but that's just to name a few'.

George's heart started to speed. *'Dream is here, he's been here?'* . He felt overwhelmed by all this news. Him and Dream just got into an argument and now this information was coming to him?

*'What awful timing'*

'I had no idea. That's so insane, I can hardly believe it'.

'I guess it must be a lot to take in. But at least you've already met me and Dream kind of'.

George felt conflicted. His eyes started to feel dry from staring at his screen without blinking. It took him a moment to realize his fingers were shaking while typing out a message.

'What do you mean "I met Dream?", Callahan?'

'Clay is Dream, I thought you knew that'.

That statement made George panic even worse. He grabbed his pillow, squished his face in and screamed as loud as he could. *'This is the worst. Timing. Ever'*.

A bang was heard as someone hit the wall, probably his neighbor.

Another ding sound rang through his screaming. Callahan wrote him another message. He took a glance at it and saw the sentence 'Do you want me to tell everyone that you are here?'. George gulped, fear striking him.

'No, don't tell a single soul'.

---

George got no sleep the night before, nightmares haunting himself of the blonde guy. Well no, clay. Um, Dream. Whoever this guy is. It didn't feel real.

His dreams were plagued of Dream saying they couldn't be friends anymore. Whenever he tried to explain anything to Dream though, his voice would disappear and he would have to watch him walk off, without him.

The worst was seeing some unknown lady come and touch his hand. The way those random eyes would glint, and an evil snaked smile would appear on her mouth. The way this random lady is touching Dream the way he wished he could while knowing she wasn't treating him right.

George never got a message from Dream the next morning explaining what he did or if they should talk. He could still feel evidence of his heart racing when he thought about yesterday, but now he was too tired to think strongly about it.

George made it to campus early, so he decided he would get a coffee from the vending machine. Although it never affected him really, he was hoping for a miracle to get him through the first morning class. Coffee was the only thing that made sense.

There was a boy in front of him at the vending machine. George couldn't really tell who it was but he didn't care either. There were a million kids at this campus, he highly doubts he is seeing anyone he knows.

George let out a louder than intended yawn, not really caring if it seemed rude. He did cover his mouth and everything but he wasn't able to suppress the yawn.

The guy in front of him handed him a roasted coffee can. "Here ya go tired boy" he sounded oddly like BadBoyHalo.

George was rubbing his eye of the yawning tears when the can was offered to him. "Mm, thank you Bad" he mumbled.

"No problem George".

For a second they stood there in comfortable silence with coffee in their hands. George sipped at it

peacefully, it was so nice hanging out with Bad. His voice was always so wholesome.

After a while, George's eyes shot open.

“Bad?”

“George?”

## Chapter End Notes

Sorry for taking so long to post. This chapter is longer than usual so I hope that makes up for it.

Also, it seems like another person found out about George.

Who do you think is gonna figure it out next?

# New friends

## Chapter Summary

George talks more with bad  
Dream is still unhappy  
A new person in let in on the secret

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Clay sat at his kitchen table in silence. He stared at the untouched cereal in disgust. Eating in the morning was the worst and he couldn't stomach it. While he sat there, his girlfriend was probably out with some other guy-

The cereal was now on the floor.

A frustrated groan escaped from Clays lips. 'Why am I like this' he thought to himself 'I can't believe this is all happening at once'.

Yesterday, he went to George for help because he felt like it was his last option. He didn't have anyone else he felt comfortable talking about that kind of stuff with. He thought they came to each other for anything.

*'I shouldn't have hung up on him'* Clay thought remorsefully *'I really want to talk to George right now'*.

While he sat there in despair, a bothering thought seeped into his mind like a little devil on his shoulder. If he broke up with his girlfriend, maybe he could get together with George and not feel so guilty about it.

Sure, they've jokingly flirted on stream but it never really meant anything. Well, probably not for George. Clay thought differently, he loved to flirt with George. The way his face would turn red from laughing or being embarrassed, either expression made Clays heart flutter. It was his perfect eye candy.

A smile made its way to his face, completely forgetting that said man was currently peeved off at him. He looked at the time on his phone and saw the background photo. He didn't know how he felt anymore.

Clay picked up the cereal from the floor and washed up. He couldn't be depressed all day, worrying about his girlfriend and George. He needed to have a more positive attitude, act the way he usually does and put a confident smile on.

And that was the plan.

---

George stared at Bad and Bad stared back, both equally confused. It almost reminded George of the identical Spiderman meme. His sleep deprived mind wondered if his eyes were playing jokes on him.

"George oh my goodness, why are you here?" Bad giggled "I had no idea you went to this school".

Bad seemed to take the realization so.. Easily?

“I- I also had no idea you went here” George said, a pitch rising in his throat. Hopefully Bad couldn’t tell he was lying through his teeth. It was so strange seeing him while he spoke, it didn’t process correctly. It felt like some random person was using a voice changer on themselves to sound like bad in order to prank George.

Bad had a sweet smile on his face and wrapped his arms around George “It’s so nice to meet you!”.

George felt his muscles relax as all the stress of hiding from his friends at school seemed to escape him. Why was he so *worried*? His friends were supportive without knowing what he’d look like, he shouldn’t have doubted them. He started to regret telling Callahan to not talk about his secret, but that thought quickly vanished when he remembered about Dream. He felt his head throb.

Bad finally pulled himself away, the sweet smile never escaping his lips.

“George I could’ve sworn you lived in England, how’d you get all the way over here” Bad chuckled. George wasn’t surprised that that comment would’ve been brought up.

“I do live in England, I just came here for school. I planned to stay here for two years minimum” George briefly explained. It wasn’t an extravagant story, but he decided he would explain the rest at a later date if he really needed to.

Bads eyes lit up “Oh my goodness, pinch me. I must be dreaming. You’re telling me that GeorgeNotFound is gonna be staying in our school for two years! This is gonna be great, we can hang out together, play minecraft together, oh and you can meet my dog”. He went off and George had no idea how to stop him. He would’ve interrupted him but he liked how excited bad seemed to get.

After a few seconds, Bad was breathing a lot heavier than he was before. George honestly didn’t know how Bad had that much energy this early. Something told George that the coffee Bad was drinking wasn’t his first caffeinated drink this morning.

“I would love to hang out Bad-”

“You don’t have to call me Bad here, you can call me Darryl. Oh, and before I forget” Darryl took out his phone and started to text something “We should also get the others to come. Nick, Clay, and Zac would be ecstatic to see you here. I bet it’d make their day”.

George shifted uncomfortable, remaining silent. Although Darryl, *‘I cant get used to that’*, seemed happy to see him, he was still unsure about meeting up with the others. He didn’t want to hurt the others feelings by saying no but he just didn’t think it was the right time to meet with everyone. Plus, he still had so many mixed feelings about Dream.

When Darryl glanced up, he seemed to pause. “Hey George, what's the matter? You look upset”. His voice was soft in concern.

“Yeah, I’m fine. I just want to keep it a secret from everybody right now. I don’t want anyone to know” *Especially Dream.*

George couldn’t look at Darryl. He felt dumb and embarrassed. Here he was whining about meeting his closest friends in person, he should’ve been more optimistic.

When Darryl spoke again, it was in his normal chipper tone. “That’s alright, if you don’t want nobody to know I won’t tell anyone. By the way, is there anyone who knows or is it just me?”.

George glanced back up, relief flooding his body. His friend was so understanding. “Besides Callahan, nobody else knows”.

“Oh that’s good. Me and Callahan usually eat lunch and study together during the weekdays. Right now he’s helping me with math”. A cheeky grin brightened on his face “I’m on the edge of failing”.

George chuckled “You’re bad at math? I wouldn’t have guessed”.

Darryl scratched the back of his head sheepishly “Yeah but the teacher is so boring, I can’t keep up with her anymore”. Another thought popped up into Darryl’s head.

“Hey George, you should hang out with me and Callahan after class. We usually meet up in the library around 1pm. Normally there it’s just us but sometimes Zac joins us. Rarely do we see Clay or Nick”

George pondered on it, what’s the worst that could happen?

---

Clay and Nick were walking down the halls together, casually discussing a new plug-in idea. Nick didn’t understand too much but Clay didn’t exactly have George to talk about this kind of stuff with.

“How’s it going with your girlfriend” Nick brought up, trying to change topics.

A stressed groan escaped Clay’s lips. “Awful. I’m pretty sure she’s cheating on me and it’s so much more trouble than it’s worth. I think I’m gonna break up with her”. George was right, there was no way he should be staying with her.

“Oh” A silence started to come between the two “You know, Clay, she isn’t good enough for you anyway. It can be just us and the boys”.

Clay had a small whistle laugh “Us and the boys, huh?”.

Nick grinned “Us and the boys!”.

While they walked, someone grabbed the side of his arm. It was familiar yet a disgusting touch. When he looked down he saw his “Girlfriend” standing there. Mascara dripped down her cheeks like a black waterfall and eyes bagged as if she hasn’t slept in a week.

“Clay, we need to talk. Please” She begged.

Clay grimaced, remembering when George said he was too good for her. He shouldn’t be wasting his time on trash.

Nevertheless, he agrees.

Nick watches them go, a sour look on his face. He didn’t understand why Dream put up with her drama, it only made his friend feel worse and worse. Still, it wasn’t his relationship to deal with and he had to respect that.

Walking away from his friend knowing he was gonna break up with her left a good taste in his mouth. Although, deep inside he knew that probably wasn’t going to be the outcome. That girl was manipulative and everyone knew that *except* Clay.

---

After class, George met up with Darryl a little earlier than 1pm. His class ended at 12pm and

Darryl ended at 11am. For a Friday, it was an easy day.

They sat in a circular table near the back corner of the library. It was quiet and nobody was around. The perfect spot if you wanted to have a private talk.

George was grabbing some of his homework out of his bag before Darryl rolled out a question. "Hey George, how come you don't wanna meet up with everyone".

George looked down at the desk, stress lines marking his forehead. It was a good question but he didn't know how to answer. He was scared of attention yet so lonely.

"I don't know honestly. Me and Dream are kind of tense right now, we had an argument".

Bad gasped loudly "My ship! My GeorgeWasTaken ship is sinking". He mimicked a cry and covered his face. George just rolled his eyes.

"We're not together like that, I don't even like him like that" He denied perfectly, crossing his arms with a small pout. The little thoughts in his head argued otherwise, but as far as Darryl needed to be concerned, he didn't like Dream.

Darryl lips curved into a mischievous smile "Don't lie to be George, I know you have a thing for Dream. You can't hide it". George wouldn't say it but Darryl definitely was one of the biggest DreamNotFound shipper out there. He wouldn't have been surprised if he was secretly making a fanfic behind his back.

"Why would I like him, It's not like I think about him constantly and wish he was in my bed or something" George chuckled "It'd be so weird, right? Imagine fantasizing about your best friend. Couldn't be me". Except it was him.

Darryl looked down at his hands that laid on the table. "Hey George, I was in the same position as you not too long ago. I fell for my best friend and I thought he would hate me If I said something or even worse, wouldn't take me seriously".

George felt a pang of sympathy for the cheerful guy. He always keeps up a happy attitude but even on streams he can tell when Darryl reaches his limit. He is rather sensitive, even crying one time when Sappnap killed his fish.

"What happened?" George asked.

Darryl smiled "Well, if you admit your crush on Dream I would be glad to tell you the rest of the story!".

George felt his face heat up. "I do *not* have a crush on Dream".

A small throat clearage was heard to the side of them and they looked over. There stood Callahan and a guest right next to him.

George's face was burning.

"Did you hear any of that?" He asked toward Callahan and his guest. Callahan gave him a knowing smile and the guest started to laugh.

"Oh my, I was not expecting to hear that first thing in the morning" He chuckled "Nevertheless, I wasn't expecting to see you here either".

George groaned, putting his hands on his face in embarrassment. *'This is the worst, I would have never told this guy anything'*.

Said guy kept laughing before Darryl interrupted him.

“Zac stop teasing George”

“Okay okay fine, I’ll leave him alone”

“Good muffin”.

Zac sat next to Darryl at the tables and Callahan sat next to George. For once, it didn’t result in complete awkward silence.

Zac started talking about his awful math teacher while Darryl sympathized. It seemed as if they were in their own bubble, too delicate to interfere in.

George looked to Callahan “are they always like this?”.

Callahan shrugged and started to text something out. “They are such love birds always bickering or flirting. This is why me and Darryl usually study without Zac here”.

George smiled, reading it thoroughly. *'I guess Darryl got his crush after all'*.

## Chapter End Notes

I feel like every chapter there's a new character Lmao.

There hasn't been enough Dream x George in this fic and it's making me sad :(

I think it should be spiced up more next chapter

Next chapter is probably gonna have a bit of angst but I promise I will make some fluff

Also, who do you think is gonna find out next?

At this point it's kinda obvious.

Also I don't know when I'm gonna post a new chapter cause I have a lot of school work right now but I'll try getting it posted sooner, I'm sorry :( anyway, I hope you enjoyed!

P.S. has anyone seen the Mr. Beast Trivia? Dreams answers have me in tears.

# Spooky George

## Chapter Summary

Will Dream finally break up with his girlfriend?  
Will George finally admit his secret?  
Will Sapnap ever get to the Bathroom?  
I hope this chapter will answer some of your questions.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Clay, please! I’ve apologized to you so many times now” His girlfriend cried “All you’ve done is just pout like a baby!”

Clay turned over to his girlfriend, or what he *thought* he considered his girlfriend, a flame of anger threatening to escape deep inside his emerald eyes.

“I’m pouting like a baby?” He growled “You’re the one whining about me breaking up with you when you’re out here letting other guys sleep with you”.

The girl bit her lip, guiltiness and shame flooding her face.

“It’s only because of you” she mumbled, eyes starting to tear with frustration.

Clay scoffed “Me, It’s my fault that my girlfriend is out being a slut? I think the only wrong thing I did was choosing to even be with you in the first place”.

The sentence was cruel but he didn’t care, it needed to be said. All of this had to end, it wasn’t good for his heart. He couldn’t keep dealing with this on and off situation, it was just too much. At this point, both of them were just hurting each other. Clay needed some space and freedom, to not worry about some cheating girl he’s only been with for a few months.

“I’m not changing my mind” Clay grimaced “it’s over”.

The phrasing sent his already frustrated ‘girlfriend’ over the edge. Her face turned hot with anger, more frustrated tears falling as she realized she was losing somebody who used to care so much for her.

“No, you can’t break up with me” She whined “You left me alone so many nights, of course I would be lonely and want to find somebody who would actually give me attention”.

"Yea well maybe you should go find somebody else then"

Clay shook his head, not falling for a word of her antics. If she really wanted attention, she could’ve just come to him in the first place. It wasn’t like he was ever busy.

“You’re always talking to that random British kid online and whenever you’re talking together, you completely ignore me” She claimed, stomping her foot on the ground “If you didn’t do that then we would be *fine*”.

Jealousy, the angry green monster seemed to come after both of them in the most ugliest of ways.

“Me and George are friends, we’ve known each other forever” Clay defended “Also, you never even told me you’ve been feeling this way. You just kept bottling it up”.

The girl looked at the blonde, mascara marks falling down her cheeks. It was rather annoying and seemed overly dramatic. Still, he couldn’t help but feel some sort of sympathy. Even if he didn’t want to.

“Listen Clay, let’s try this one more time” She reasoned, going to grab his hand which he let happen for whatever reason “We can still make this work”.

Clay shook his head, his brows furrowing at the thought of such an idea “There’s no way, you’re just gonna cheat on me again”.

The girl sighed “No I won’t, I’ll tell you about when I’m feeling insecure, I’ll stay with you longer at night, I won’t go to parties, I don’t even care about any of that. I just want you”.

Before Clay could decline again, her lips met his. It was the most disgusting yet comforting thing he felt in a while. It was like an addiction, something that satisfied him now but in the end would mess up his life. He didn’t want his life to be scarred due to this girl, but somehow he couldn’t refuse her this time.

When she pulled away and stared up at him, he let out a losing sigh.

“Just once more, we can continue this. If anything you do is out of place, we are through” Clays voice was ice, making his conditions known. Even though he knew it wasn’t going to end good, some part of him was scared to be alone. Especially with George still mad at him, he didn’t have anyone there to comfort him.

It was a idiot move, but he wasn’t able to do anything to the winning grin his girlfriend seemed to hold on her face.

---

The four of them; Darryl, Zac, Callahan, and George, all sat together at the library table. They were talking about classes and professors. Sometimes Callahan would give a playful glare at bad because he was so distracted and couldn’t study. Bad on the other hand was laughing at some dumb joke Zac was trying to describe. It was honestly a dead meme, but Darryl still offered the other a good chuckle.

George makes a big of a gag noise in Callahan's defense, causing the loving duo to grin in embarrassment. It was so cute how Darryl and Zac clicked.

Based on how they acted online, George could only fake ship them based on how their fans acted. He didn’t actually expect some sort of reality to it. Also, he still didn’t know the situation that revolved around it. How they met, how it came to be, why they accepted each other. The concept of falling for someone and then returning their feelings seemed so foreign to him.

Another heartily laugh escaped George while Callahan roasted Zac for his awful hand writing.

“That’s going too far Callahan, you can’t bully people who don’t know how to write” Darryl defended.

“I know how to write” Zac said in offense “Darryl you’re supposed to be on my side, not mock me”.

Darryl giggled “But you make it so easy”.

Callahan had an amused smile on his face while he watched the two. After a second, he turned to George and frowned.

‘Yours isn’t much better George’ Callahan jokes.

This resulted in an eye roll for George.

“Sorry Callahan, not everyone can have such an amazing handwriting like you”.

This caused Callahan to puff out his chest proudly, the compliment getting to his head mockingly fast. All in good fun, George began to write back a snarky remark. While writing, his thoughts were interrupted by Darryl making a small gasping noise.

“Clay! What are you doing here, want to join in the fun?”

George's hand froze, stuck to the pen and his eyes glued to the paper. As his heart began to race, he could feel a small hand rub his shoulder. It seemed to be telling him it was okay to lift his head.

Doing so, George was able to see Clay. For once, He knew exactly who Clay was. Clay was Dream, his best friend for almost 5 years. The one he always played Minecraft with and developed coding with. The one who didn’t know who George actually was while the other knew exactly. The one he's been developing feelings for.

“Hey” Clay said, voice more monotone compared to his usual cheery attitude, “Why's everyone here today”.

Darryl gave a quick glance to George, offering a small nod.

“Were here to study, Duh” Darryl chuckled “Why else would we be in a library muffinhead”.

Clay shrugged at the thought “I don’t know, to do whatever you were doing before”.

His voice held some sort of teasing but deep down, everyone could tell something was wrong. Nobody had the confidence to invade Clay's personal life though, deciding it was better to let his problems remain invisible while everyone continued to joke around. Well, everyone except George.

The piece of paper where he originally wrote ‘~~Callahan is a big-~~’ was crossed off and instead was replaced with a ‘What’s the matter?’. George slipped the paper across the blonde, hoping he wouldn’t mind the other invading his business so much.

Clay looked at the piece of paper, his freckled nose scrunching a bit. Nobody ever asked him what’s the matter when he was in a mood. All his friends knew that.

He looked up, finally meeting eyes with the chocolate eyed boy. They held the stare for a short while before Clay sighed. It couldn’t hurt to talk about his situation, rather It’d be a little welcoming in his case. He still wasn’t sure how he wanted to deal with his whole girlfriend situation.

“Well for starters” Clay began, rolling his eyes “I found out my girlfriend is out cheating on me and is blaming me because I haven’t given her enough attention”.

Bad made a little wincing sound while George's eyes narrowed. If he wasn’t so concerned with

making sure Clay didn't notice his presence as much as possible, he might have shot out an aggressive 'I told you so'. He restrained himself.

"So we confronted and somehow she's managed to convince me to stay with her" The blonde sighed "and now I'm feeling awfully stupid".

Zac chuckled a tiny bit "As you should".

The response he got was a sharp jab to the side by Darryl including a quick "Shut it".

Despite Clay usually becoming annoyed about remarks like that, he let himself laugh instead. That's how he should be replying when someone was saying something that was true, not getting all defensive. It's how he should've acted when George was upset about him still being with his girlfriend who just made him unhappy.

Internally, he could still hear George calling the girl a slag in his head. This made a wheeze escape the freckled boy's throat.

At the sight, George couldn't help but smile with fondness. He really missed that cute laugh. While he did wish he could just open up to Clay, a part of him was feeling super uncomfortable. He was too close and he needed to leave.

"Besides that" Clay started up again "I kind of miss George. We haven't talked in forever and I miss the way he would scream".

Zac tilted his head, confusion filling his face.

"George?" He started "Isn't George- OW Geez Darryl, what the hell".

Darryl gave the raven haired boy a dark glare, a warning to not even dare finish that sentence.

Despite trying to mute Zac, the damage had already been done. Clay sat there, confused on why the two were being so weird all of a sudden. If one of them had information on George, he wanted to hear it.

"Zac" Clay pressed "What about George".

Adrenaline of being exposed right then and there hit George faster than he would've liked. As his fight or flight kicked in, he pushed himself up from the chair eyes going wild. 'I need to go' he took one glance at Clay 'and now'. Quickly, he excused himself a short nod.

George turned on his heel and practically ran out of the library. The weight in the room was too heavy for him to deal with and he needed to find a space alone. Alone to process what just happened and process the consequence of Clay finding out who he was.

He ran down a few halls before making his way to an empty classroom. It was a little wrong to break into some random room but then again, it was unlocked and therefore free real estate.

Sinking into the dark room and leaning against the wall, he finally gave himself a chance to breathe. He hadn't realized before, but that whole time he was holding his breath. His face must've been so red and he probably looked like an idiot.

A loud groan escaped his lips "I'm such an idiot, everything is so awkward. I can't even look or listen to him without feeling some sort of emotions". George couldn't stop his heart aggressively thumping against his ribs, he doubted it would stop any time soon.

While he finally recovered a bit, he noticed another person enter the room. His glasses were familiar as his soothing voice called into the room.

“George, are you okay” Darryl whispered “I saw you run in here”.

George sighed “I’m over here Darryl”.

The hazelnut haired boy looked to where the noise came from and immediately ran to the other boys side.

“I’m sorry for Zac” Darryl sat next to George “If it makes you feel better, we managed to convince Clay that Zac was only talking about you farting on stream”.

“Oh my god” George groaned “That does not make me feel better”. Despite saying that, it only took a few seconds for George to start chuckling. It sounded like a squeeze bottle, as the laugh came from his throat due to him clenching his jaw down. It started from a low nervous laugh to full hysteria within seconds. Embarrassment and amusement showed themselves by the reddening of his cheeks.

Finally the boy took a loud gasp of air, “Oh my god Darryl, I’m such an idiot. I don’t know what to do. I want to talk to Dream again and he wants to talk to me. Yet here I am, running away from him”. If only he made up with Clay sooner, maybe if he did that he would be able to convince the other to stay away from some toxic girl breaking his heart.

Bad hummed in response, letting the British boy vent about his frustrations.

“You know, he’s such a nibble liar as well. Acting like he’s all Okay with this even though I know he’s not. His tone makes it so easy to tell yet nobody ever confronts him on it because he’s so reserved” Frustration laced Georges voice as he kept rambling “Maybe If I told him to break up with her so he could be with me instead, maybe if I did that I could be happier with myself. Right now, I only feel regret from everything I did wrong”.

Bad offered a small pat on the younger one's shoulder.

“Before me and Zac started dating, I actually already told him I liked him like three other times” Darryl chuckled “He broke my heart because he never took my feelings seriously”.

George eyebrows furrowed “How is that supposed to make me feel better”.

Darryl looked at him with a thoughtful expression “It wasn’t, but I thought you would like to know anyway. Maybe help distract you”.

An eye roll was offered a response “I appreciate it”.

Another chuckle escaped Darryl's lips “Also, I thought since you’ve met Zac and Callahan now and you seem to want to meet everyone-”.

A flood of shock came across George's face “You did not”.

After a few seconds passed, the door to the room slammed open. A light brown haired boy with a baggy sweatshirt, a boy who looked so familiar, entered. It took a second but George realized it was Nick, the person who was in one of his first morning classes.

Nick peered around, eyes squinting due to how dark the room was. “Darryl, this better not be a joke. I really have to pee and if this isn’t important, I’m leaving”.

George's mouth fell agape, recognizing the voice Immediately. Normally, he would shy away a bit whenever he saw someone he knew at this school. But Sapnap, no. Sapnap could be an exception. Especially if Sapnap was nearby him this whole time, disguised as some acquaintance he gained during College. In fact, the only friend he made in College with no idea of who he was.

George quickly jumped up, ready to confront the boy as soon as possible.

“Sapnap!” The boy yelled, not caring how loud his voice seemed to be. His feet hit the floor with a loud thud and the light of the only window in the room made him look much paler.

A high pitch girl like scream of horror escaped the other boy's lips, knees buckling under him as he fell to the floor. A loud gasp of air seemed to enter the others lungs while his chest heaved up and down.

“Oh my fucking GOD GEORGE-” He screamed “WHY IS GEORGE A GHOST?!”.

## Chapter End Notes

I wrote this in one sitting and have not edited yet tbh. I apologize, but on a brighter note. I started writing a scene I think everyone will enjoy. Don't wanna spoil it too much but it has motivated me to get at least 3 new chapters posted soon :D

I'll be honest, i had no idea how I would introduce Sapnap. I felt like all encounters would be too weird and just didn't fit his personality. So instead, I ended up with Sapnap thinking George is a ghost cos I thought it'd suite him well lmao.

Also turns out the fluff I mentioned last chapter was platonic fluff oopsie. I swear the fluff will come soon, just hang on for a few more chapters.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy this chapter. I should prob stop uploading so late tho lmao, it's like almost 3am here and I've been writing all day rip.

# Calm before the storm

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Clay watched as the brunette boy ran off, confusion lacing his features.

“Are my problems really that traumatic?” Clay wondered aloud, pulling a chuckle out of Zac.

“Apparently”.

The blonde turned back to Darryl and Zac, ignoring the awkward situation that just passed.

“So what were you saying about George?”

Curiosity and warning seemed to drip from his voice while his face remained unwavering, not letting anyone know his internal emotion. If Zac knew something about George and he didn't, he needed to know it now.

The raven haired boy started to sweat, the hoodie he was wearing seemed too tight now that the emerald eyes were staring straight through him. He felt that even if he lied, somehow Clay would know immediately. Still, he had to try and convince the other it wasn't anything important.

“George farted” He blurted out, thinking of the stream they shared just a few weeks ago “It was really embarrassing but I assumed you didn't know about it. I thought it'd be funny to bring up”.

Clay continued to stare at the other, eyes seeming to narrow a tiny bit before letting out a low chuckle. After a few seconds the chuckle gained in momentum and he had a small wheezing fit.

“Are you for real?” Clay chuckled, “Do you have the video of it”. It sounded too funny to pass up, especially if Zac was hiding that gem for himself.

Darryl sighed under his breath, finally feeling calm enough to let go of Zac's hand. He didn't even realize he'd grabbed onto it in the mist of tension rising. Now that everything was calm, Darryl knew he had to go find George.

“Although this sounds very amusing, I have to use the restroom really badly” The glasses boy said, pushing his chair out of the way as calmly as he could “Excuse me”.

He offered Zac a small wink, before running after George. In return, Zac and Callahan would distract Clay.

While running off to where he thought George went, he sent a quick message to ‘Sapnap’ contact under his phone.

*Meet up with me* he texted, only looking up to see a flash of brown hair enter a abandon room

*In room 314 .*

---

Nick's chest heaved up and down as he stared wide eyed at the British boy. The adrenaline pumped in his blood as he tried to catch his breath. His mouth was so dry and he was in a state of shock.

“Nick, look!” Darryl giggled “George is here”

The hazelnut haired boy looked to where Darryl was, his eyes screaming curses and swears.

“I can see that” Nick breathed out “But why the hell is he here”.

George had tears in his eyes from holding in the laughter “Oh my god, Sapnap how are you such a scaredy cat”.

“I’m not a scaredy cat, George! What the hell are you even doing here”

More laughter erupted from the British boy and Darryl took that moment to let his thoughts known.

“George recently transferred to our school, he hadn’t really told any of us though”.

“Yeah no shit”

“Language”.

Nick rubbed his eyes, hoping for everything to be some sort of dream or prank. First, he skips class for Darryl because the other was so vague in his message. Then in return he got a jump scare from George. George of all people.

The British boy was still losing it by the time Nick made it onto his feet again. In seconds though, he was on top of the British boy in a very weak choke hold.

“Darryl help, he’s attacking me” George cried, laughter still heard in his voice while he tried to get out of Nicks grip.

“You’re gonna get it” Nick growled playfully “You can’t scare me and get away with it”.

George snorted “So you agree you got scared?”.

This only pressed the hazelnut boy further as he started messing up Georges hair, the once tame in place locks were now frizzed out and going everywhere. Darryl just sat from where he was before, laughing at the scene.

“You’re just as feral as you are online” George shouted, finally able to slip from the others grip “And just as aggressive”.

Nick offered him a grin “I know, you shouldn’t be surprised”.

While their laughter settled down, it gave them time to actually look at one another. Even though George saw his friend because they had class together, this was actually the first time he knew who the other actually was. His friend Sapnap was short yet had a beard. It was a little shocking and he never thought the other would be a brunette, he kind of imagined a raven haired boy.

“You’re shorter than I expected,” George said snarkily.

This seemed to tick Nick off as he gave the other a playful glare.

“Yeah? And you’re uglier than I expected”.

“Okay boys settle down” Darryl barged in “We’re all friends here”.

Darryl was right, they were all friends. Friends who had never seen before and only could hear. Now though, these were friends he could put faces to and understand seeing them. It was

completely different and a little difficult to get accustomed to.

Before George could get a chance to feel awkward, he felt the shorter boy pull him into a strong hug. It wasn't a romantic hug or anything, it was more of a *haven't seen you in a long time* kind of hug. Even if they haven't ever seen each other, it had been a while since they last spoke, let alone played anything together.

"It's good to see you," Nick said with a smile.

George returned the facial expression, "Yeah, It's nice that we finally got to meet".

Even though some part of George thought that the tension would rise after that conversation, it surprisingly didn't. It was as if nothing changed and he was talking to 'Sapnap' online. The guy was still just as crazy.

"I'm glad that we're all connected" Darryl grinned "But we have a serious problem!"

Both boys gave their attention to Darryl

"I don't understand" Nick mumbled "What problem is there?"

George began to blush, if he thought correctly then Darryl was definitely about to expose him in front of Sapnap of all people.

"George I can see you looking at me mortified but trust me Nick needs to know. He's known Clay for the longest time"

"Need to know what?"

A large sigh escaped George's lips as he stared at the floor. He couldn't believe he only was talking to Sapnap for five seconds before this type of talk was brought up.

"Tell him Darryl," George sighed.

Darryl offered a sympathetic look before telling Sapnap everything. About his fight with Dream, meeting everyone by chance, his crush on Dream, and not knowing who clay was. George was expecting laughter but was just met with silence. When he looked up, Nick had a neutral expression.

"Yeah, his girlfriend is trash" Nick agreed "I think George would be a better partner"

Some part of George really realized the connection between Sapnap and Nick at that moment. The way he didn't care if George was gay or that his friend was having a crush on his childhood friend.

"You're not surprised?" George questioned. He was still suspicious of the whole ordeal.

"Not really, especially because I thought you guys would've dated before he even got his girlfriend" Nick said honestly "He treats you differently".

Darryl started to coo "Oh my goodness Nick, you're such a wingman".

"I know, literally a love guru"

George rolled his eyes at this.

“George, I think you should talk to Clay. He’s seemed out of it lately and I can only cheer him up so much”

“Yeah and you should probably tell him who you are as well”.

George took a second to ponder over his options. Everything was happening so fast. He just met up with Sappnap and BadBoyHalo, now knowing who they are. They accepted him and it made him feel comfortable. On the other hand though, he didn’t know how to act with Clay.

“I’ll forgive Dream” George started “But I won’t tell him who I am yet. Not now, but I will”.

The other two gave each other a concerned look, but nodded in understanding.

“Besides, It’ll be like a manhunt” The British boy giggled “how long will it take him to find me?”

George had to admit to himself, Dream chasing him down was a scary thought. The thought of Dream finding him when he was in open fields on one heart. It was the same situation. He only had one heart left to offer Clay, his own.

---

Clay was driving his girlfriend to their apartment in his truck. By now it was late and the sun was setting. The orange hue lit up the black seats and made his girlfriend's hair sparkle.

“This is perfect selfie weather” The girl chuckled “We should take a picture together”.

Clay offered a weak laugh but it was forced. The girl seemed to notice almost immediately.

“You never want to take pictures” She pouted.

“Sorry, I just don’t like photos of myself”

She gasped “But you’re so pretty and your green eyes sparkle so nicely in the sun”.

Clay snorted at that, *everyone's eyes sparkled in sunlight* .

He continued to concentrate on the road, making sure to keep the car straight while filtering out his girlfriend's voice. Some part of him wondered what the kid with the dark brown hair would look like with sun in his eyes. Since he always seemed to see the other inside or when it was rainy, he never got a chance to see his brown eyes sparkle. He could only imagine, what would it look like to see the dull brown blaze into an amber color.

“Clay” his girlfriend grinned “Whatcha thinking about? Me?”.

Clay offered her one glance before returning back to his own private thoughts.

“Whatever floats your boat”.

“You’re such a bully, Clay” The girl sighed “Anyway did you hear what I was saying”.

Honestly, He had no idea she was even talking. He thought that she had stopped after noticing he wasn’t listening, but it seems as if he was wrong.

“No, what were you talking about”.

The girl brightened up “So there is a huge party coming up, a homecoming party. It’s gonna be massive, basically the whole school is going to be there. We have to go together, we can dress up

and dance. It'll be so romantic, we'll be the cutest couple there".

The idea made Clay want to vomit. He liked homecoming, yes, but he would watch the game and then head home to play Minecraft with George or something. He played football in Highschool but stopped once he reached college level.

"Of course not! We would just stay for an hour or so and then come back"

"Yeah sure, you usually say that within five hours of a party. Then end up drunk in the middle of the road at three in the morning".

The girl was quiet and when he looked over, he could see her with tears falling down her face. Her face got all buffy in a pout and she refused to even look his way. It was a sad sight, but some part of him wanted her to cry. He felt bad of himself, that he was glad the girl was in some sort of discomfort.

Clay let out a sigh "Okay, we can go. But no drinking".

The girl looked toward him again, a small smile on her face "Thank you, I promise I won't go and drink or anything".

Some part of Clay knew that it was an empty promise but he gave her a hum of approval. The rest of the ride was filled with warm silence as the music of the radio drowned out any possible tension that would have remained in the vehicle.

---

When George got home he turned onto his computer, booting it up. It had been a while since he streamed and he hasn't uploaded a video with Dream due to them not talking much. Occasionally Dream would text him a good morning but he chose to ignore it.

Tonight though, George had a different plan.

*Dream, can we talk?* He texted out, hitting send before he could regret it.

It took a few minutes before the ding of his phone gave him a response

*Okay* Dream replied.

George took a deep breath before hitting the contact name and pressing call. The sound of the numbers dialing and the light ringing noise making George's chest ache. He didn't understand why he was so nervous, just that he was. He's called this number hundreds of times before yet it was only now when he truly felt scared of the reaction he'd get.

Would Dream still be angry, especially now that he got back with his girlfriend. Would the call start how it did last time and George would be left in the dark again. Or maybe it would end okay and they would just go back to have things normally before they let girls get in between their friendships. For some reason, both options didn't sound good.

The sound of the phone being answered startled George, as he heard his friends relaxing voice from the other side.

I guess this is more of a filler chapter for what's to come. Anyway, hope you guys enjoy <3

Also, do they do homecomings in college? I'm in my first year now but it's all online due to COVID. So I don't have the best college perspective lmao.

# Don't be a simp, George

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Hey Nick, I’m kinda worried for George”

Nick glanced at Darryl in confusion.

“How come?”

“Well, Clay and George have been friends for a while. They get along” The boy stopped for a moment, thinking “But both of them keep hiding their feelings for each other and that isn’t good for anyone”.

Nick hummed an agreement to that “Yeah, both of them keep too many secrets for their own good. George hiding who he is from everyone and Clay not even talking about his girlfriend. That’s sus behavior”.

“I hope they’ll finally share with each other everything” Darryl exclaimed happily “I want to see my friends happy”

“Those guys will be fine Darryl, don’t worry too much”

Darryl chuckled, but Nick could relate. It was in the others nature to worry too much for things he wasn’t able to control. He had a soft heart and that’s what made him so loving.

“Well, I’m gonna go hang out with Zac. We’re seeing a movie later, wanna come?”

“No thanks, I’m probably recording or something. I’ll see you later, though”.

AS Darryl walked off, he thought about Zac. It had been a while since the two hung out due to it being their final year. The classes were most difficult and had more impact on their future careers. Every year though, the two attended homecoming together. It was usually a group of everyone including Nick, Clay, Zac, Callahan, and Alyssa.

That’s when it hit Darryl. George was here. He could attend. With Clay.

While Nick started to walk off, Darryl turned around quickly and ran to grab the oblivious man’s arm.

“Wait, Nick! I just got a brilliant Idea”

---

“Hi” George heard the sound of a shaky voice. *He’s nervous?*

“Hey” George replied softly.

The two were quiet for seconds, so long that George thought the other had hung up again. Luckily though, he hadn’t.

“Look, I’m sorry for hanging up on you after our argument. I was just so frustrated from everything that was going on and let it out on you”.

The remorse in Dreams voice genuinely shocked George. He didn't think Dream felt that bad about everything, he thought it would just turn into a mutual apology.

"No Dream, it's my fault. I shouldn't have backtalked your girlfriend"

Dream snorted "No, you were right. She definitely is a slag, I just didn't think I was ready to admit it to myself at that time. After our argument, I realized that I should've left her when you were still telling me to do so".

George smiled at this, *so thankfully they broke up.*

"We're still together though, she said she'd change".

George's smile vanished.. Instead, bits of annoyance crept up in his voice.

"Why are you still together with her, Dream. I know you're not that stupid".

Dream sighed "I know, I know. I just don't want to be alone right now. I was missing... *people* and she was the only one there".

George wanted to say that he could be there for him, instead of that random girl. If he needed a friend to joke with? He was there. If he needed a friend with benefits? He could be that too. If he needed a boyfriend? That was something he'd be more than glad to do.

But Dream didn't know that George was living near him. To Dream, it was just the same as before with George living somewhere far off while he was stuck in Florida. Online romantic relationships were nearly impossible to manage as well. It didn't replace the feeling of seeing someone face to face and holding them.

*I should tell him* George thought *Tell him everything, just like the others said.*

"Listen Dream, I wanted to tell you something," George sighed, looking down at his lap. It had suddenly become interesting to watch his fingers bend when they interacted "It's kind of important".

Not kind of, it was extremely important. He wanted to tell Dream how he felt. The two spent so much time together and have shared with each other a lot. Not everything, but things they considered important.

"What is it Georgie" Dream chuckled "Gonna tell me you have a crush now?"

George felt his face heat up at that, *would that really be a bad thing?*

"Dream, we've been friends for a while now. You're like, one of the closest people to me. My life without you sucks"\

George hated to admit that, but it was true. Dream brought amusement in his life, activities to do and how to think for himself. He brought fun wherever he went and everyone who met him loved him. He was like a ball of sunshine, someone George always wanted to be around.

When Dream wasn't all happy and he was in a mood, George always tried his best to bring the other out of his moody feelings. Normally, everyone left Dream alone to deal with his problems. It didn't matter to them because he had nothing to offer. A few of his friends actually stayed to try and help him, but Dream didn't open up to them. He opened up to George, only.

“Yeah, my life without you is pretty glum George”

The way Dream sounded, like he meant every word he said. Somewhere, even if George thought his mind was playing tricks on him, he swore that Dream had a hint of expectancy in his voice. Like he wanted George to confess everything to him right now.

“Dream, i think I li-”

“Clay, Whatcha up to” The sound of a females shrill voice interrupted their conversation mid-sentence, even over the new headphones that Dream bought only a month prior.

“Sorry George, give me one second”.

George could hear the sound of the headphones muffling, as they were placed onto the presumed table. He felt like such an idiot, here he was about to confess his feelings to some guy who already had a girlfriend. Obviously Dream was straight, why’d George even think he stood a chance. It would made so much sense that he was only seen as a friend, a comfort buddy when he needed it. George could never pass as a girlfriend, he couldn’t offer him anything a girl could. The only thing he could offer was support, that’s all a friend could do.

“Get out of my room, I’m in the middle of a important conversation” He could barely hear Dream say, annoyance laced in his voice.

The sound of a girl pouting could be as well “You told me, earlier, that you would spend more time with me instead of some random British guy”

“He’s not some random ‘British guy’, his names George”

“Whatever Clay, You still said that we would spend time together. Now that we’re here, you’re playing Minecraft and ignoring me”.

Dream sighed, frustrating lacing his voice as he gutted out “Give me five more minutes, we can do something then”.

The girl didn’t seem pleased with that, but after a few seconds he heard Dream come back to the call.

“Sorry about that, what were you saying”.

George felt his voice get stuck to his throat. What was he trying to say? Something that could end their friendship so fast?

“Nothing important, just glad that we’re talking again” George mumbled out, not being able to hide the disappointment in his voice “Seems like things are going great with your girlfriend?”.

“Hey Georgie, are you okay” Dream asked, concerned, "What happened?".

George hadn’t realized that he was getting watery eyes until he couldn’t see the time on the left corner of his screen monitor. He felt awful and he wanted to be alone.

“Sorry Dream, I have to go” George said flatly “I hadn’t realized how late it was and I need to do some homework that's due at twelve”.

With that, he quickly pressed the end call button and watched as Dreams normal profile icon disappeared from the screen. At that moment, he let himself lose.

Hot tears warmed his face. His heart felt so awful and the anxiety that crept up him had no mercy.

*I'm an idiot. George thought, Why do I always cry over him? Why can't I just be happy for him.*

---

Friday went by relatively fast. George spent most of his time working on projects that he put off during the week and starting some recordings. It was nice to finally do something and he didn't have to just think.

Dream and him began to talk a bit more, but it tended to be more on the awkward side. For example, he'd only be talking to Dream if another person was in the call with them. If nobody else was present, he'd make up an excuse to leave.

Of course, George felt bad ignoring Dream but he still hadn't felt comfortable enough after what happened they talked in private. It would take time before he could trust himself with the other again.

Friday was like a refresher day where he didn't need to go in for classes and none of his friends did either. So when the time hit around 7pm, he was shocked at his phone being blown up.

Begrudgingly, George looked at his phone through the tiredness of his eyes. Apparently he'd gotten 24 messages from Darryl, 13 from Nick, and 54 from a group chat that he was randomly put in.

When he unlocked his phone, he saw the others were in a group call. Reluctantly he joined.

"Guys, it's so early. It's almost 4am"

This caused the boys on the other end to giggle.

"George, tomorrow is homecoming. We want you to come". Nick exclaimed "We do it every year and we want you to join us".

George laughed at this "What's homecoming?".

"Homecoming is where everyone who attended this college comes back," Darryl started. "And we watch our team play football. Afterward there are usually parties we love to randomly attend".

Honestly, George never took Nick as a party person and especially didn't expect Darryl to be either. Sure, parties were fun to go to but he didn't know anything about football. So staying and watching someone kick a ball around for a few hours seemed like the least fun thing to do.

"I don't know guys, it seems rather boring".

Just then, a voice interrupted their conversation. A voice not actually in the call.

"George" Zac said "If you attend, I will literally pay you \$25"

"Okay, and when is the game".

Darryl's mic began to pick up small swatting sounds "Zac! Don't interrupted, we're trying to convince George"

"I just did!"

"No! You are bargaining money with him".

"Nothing wrong with being paid.."

Nick began to laugh at sound of Zac mumbling apologies, while Darryl huffed loudly.

"Damn Zac, he got you whipped" Nick chuckled.

"Zac you're very whipped tonight, huh?"

"George I literally just offered to pay you and this is how you treat me?"

"Muffinhead stop!"

George had to mute his mic for a second to breathe. During that time, he concluded that attending a homecoming couldn't be the worst thing in the world. If he didn't feel like going to the party afterward, it wasn't like he couldn't leave.

George unmuted his mic "Okay, I'll come with".

Nick and Darryl cheered loudly "Yay George, you'll have so much fun".

"Yeah, the event is very fun and the after parties aren't mandatory".

While the other two began to discuss what activities there were at homecoming, George was distracted by a text message from Dream. He frowned before coming back to the call.

"Sorry to end early guys, I'm very sleepy so I'm gonna go to bed now".

Why was Dream awake so late? He usually had a somewhat decent sleep schedule.

"Awe, Bye gogy" Nick cooed "and remember, homecoming is tomorrow!"

"Bye Bye George!" Darryl said cheerfully.

With that being their last words, George ended the call with a final hello and brought his attention to the message.

*George* , it read, *Give me love. I'm so bored.*

George rolled his eyes, of course Dream was acting like his usually flirtatious self again. Begging for his attention even though he secretly liked it.

*What Dream*, he replied, *I'm going to bed now.*

*Nooooo* Dream typed, *I'm so lonely. I need my Georgie to help me sleep. Call me.*

Quickly, George started up a new call with just him and Dream. Even if it was late at night and he was going to wake up early tomorrow, he was just going to have to live with no sleep.

"Dream" George stated.

"Georgie" Dream said bubbly, ignoring the tired voice "I missed you".

"How have you missed me, it's only been a day".

"One day too long, George. How can you do this to me".

"Don't be such a baby Dream".

Some part of George really missed talking to Dream like this. He really didn't want to stay in a one v. one call with him because he honestly didn't feel ready to, but he was too tired to do something about it. Instead, he just let himself get lulled to sleep by Dream's voice.

"George, you hurt me" Dream playfully whined.

"Get over it Dream"

Dream chuckled, seeming to be over his previous fake meltdown.

"Hey George, what do you think about having a Minecraft date"

George wanted to bit his tongue to stop himself from laughing.

"A Minecraft date. You're actually asking me out on a Minecraft date".

Dream chuckled "Yeah, I'll cook the steak and everything"

"Dream, you sound so crazy right now"

"Crazy in love"

George couldn't stop the roll of his eyes on that one.

"If you take me on a Minecraft date, I'm not paying for anything"

"Sounds good to me, we should do one next weekend or something"

"Why next weekend?".

Whenever they made plans too far in the future, it usually got swept under the rug with new ideas. To George, the date sounded like fun and he was interested in doing it soon.

"Why in a rush?" Dream teased "Want to go on a date that badly?".

George let out a huff "No, Dream, I was just curious".

The boy on the other end lets out a wheeze "Awe George, you're a simp".

"I'm not a simp, you're the simp for asking me out on a Minecraft date".

Dream gasped, offended "I am not a simp! Take that back right now George".

George giggled "Don't wanna".

The two began to lightly bicker back and forth. The time went by so fast as they talked, George hadn't realized that the sun was shining outside his window. *So much for sleeping in.*

On the other side of the call, he could hear Dream lightly snoring. He must've passed out from all their arguing. While George had at least a nap from earlier under his belt, Dream must have not slept at all. Even when they were talking, he could hear how tired and strained his voice was.

George decided to stay like that for a while, listening to the soft breathes of his crush. It was peaceful and made everything in the room still. A giddy part of himself was looking forward to homecoming. Maybe he'd see Clay there and maybe, just a small maybe, he would be willing to tell him who he was. But that was unlikely.

His eyes started to close and he found himself sinking into a deep sleep.

#### Chapter End Notes

I didn't expect to write this chapter so fast. I think it's because I'm getting to areas in the story where the plot picks up that i'm liking writing it more. I hope this was wholesome for everyone <3 how do you think homecoming will end up?

# Homecoming Disaster

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George watched Darryl and Nick stare at his room, looking almost shocked.

“I don’t know how you live like this” Nick gawked “Everything is so piled up”.

Yes, there were still cardboard boxes hanging all around his room. Even though he’s lived in America for a while now, he never had a reason to get rid of the boxes. It wasn’t like he didn’t use them, he did resell old items through the boxes. After a while he just thought it fit in with the aesthetic and even if he didn’t need the boxes, he left them in his room.

Darryl began to touch at the boxes that lined up the floor “You got a new mic?”.

George rolled his eyes and grumbled “Yes, I had to get a new one because mine got crushed during the delivery process”.

A hum escaped Darryl and he went to pick at something else instead.

“So when exactly is this homecoming?” George asked “Should I dress more warmly”.

Sapnap, in his shorts and t-shirt, looked at him as if the other was crazy. The weather was humid and the sun was blazing. Only the insane and George would dress up ‘warmly’ for an outside event in Florida.

“No, if anything you should dress more coolly” Darryl admitted “Unless you want to have a heat stroke”.

George frowned, not wanting that. If he passed out in front of Dream, he may as well die too because that would be extremely embarrassing. But, he didn’t exactly have a lot of clothes meant for warm weather. The only thing he had was his dream merch t-shirt. Literally, his only t-shirt of his whole wardrobe. *Fantastic luck.*

“Would it be weird to wear a Dream shirt” George mumbled, staring at the black shirt with a white dumb smile on the front. If worse came to worse, he could also say it was from a sibling or something. It was also unlikely that Dream would comment on it, especially when most people don’t know who he is.

“I think you’ll be fine” Darryl said, playing with the computer monitor on his desk “I don’t think Clay will mind”.

Nick made a noise of agreement from the other room “Also, I’m sure Clay will be thrilled to see a stan”.

George grunted “Yeah, I’m Dreams biggest stan”.

Darryl gasped “I knew it!”.

George shook off the comment, grabbing his only t-shirt so he could change. He debated on the idea of wearing shorts but felt that it’d be too much, he didn’t like the idea of people staring at his legs. It was just long pants, it’s not like they would suffocate him.

Nick chimed in from the other room “guys, we need to get going”. Darryl snapped his attention forward while George began to change into the t-shirt “Callahan, Clay, and Alyssa are already there”.

George glared at Darryl, who was just conveniently staring at the ceiling “Wow, seems like they are extra early”.

“Darryl, what time does homecoming start”.

A thick silence covered the room before anyone talked.

“About 1pm” Darryl mumbled, poking his fingers together.

The time was about 1:15pm. They still needed to pick up Zac who was on the way and finish up what they were doing at Georges apartment. To make it worse, the guy he was hoping to maybe talk with a bit more with was now at the homecoming. *Without him.*

“Guys, we need to *hurry*” George groaned, throwing his old sweatshirt onto the bed “and we still need to pick up Zac”.

“Wait, but I wanna stay at Georgies home a little more” Nick whined. He was poking at baby photos of George with his family when they went to a fair. Around that time he was six, so he still had chubby cheeks and big ears.

“No time for baby Georgie, we need to go” George declared, annoyance present in his voice. He grabbed the other's arm and pulled him out the front door. Darryl followed swiftly behind, taking a quick photo of baby George to keep for later.

“I can’t believe we’re so late” The British boy sighed “I hate being late to things”

Nick chuckled “You were late in introducing yourself”.

“And late to class” Darryl added.

George gave the others a stink eye, before starting up his dumb car. Nick had taken shotgun while Darryl was planning to fit in the back with Zac. It would be a tight squeeze, but nothing the two couldn't handle.

“Okay, so once we get Zac, we are going to the homecoming, and then we’ll have a nice time in watching gross American football”.

“It’s Homecoming, not The Homecoming” Nick claimed, a smug look on his face.

“This is not the time Nick” George barked. The stressed British boy was a amusing thing, causing both Darryl and Nick to burst out laughing. George didn’t see the amusement in it, but soon found himself joining in on the giggles.

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It had taken them forty minutes to get to the game. Everything they were trying to do to get there early had gone wrong.

Zac was asleep when they got there, causing them to barge in and wake the boy up. Then they had to wait for him to get ready, him even going as far to shower, and then they slipped back into the car to go homecoming. While on their way, they hit a bunch of traffic and seemed to get every red light on their way over. Luckily, George was a patient driver and didn’t rage, but the passengers in

his car got on his nerves the whole way there.

“I promise I’ll get you something yummy to eat for your troubles” Darryl offered once they got there “What do you like? There are popcorn stands, peanuts”. As the boy kept going off about all the different stands, George had zoned out to glance around the event. He was trying to spot out a certain person with fluffy blonde hair.

“I don’t think he’s listening” Nick popped out, grinning at the desperate look on his friends face “Be careful George, you’re being obvious”.

George mocked a laugh with fake confidence “I’m not being desperate”.

“Hey Clay!”. George felt all the wind knock out of him. He turned around quickly, glancing around just to realize there was no Dream in sight. There were only random strangers giving him weird looks.

Zac and Nick dipped out laughing.

“I can’t believe he fell for that,” Zac chuckled. George could feel his cheeks heat up, convincing himself it was because of the warm Florida weather. Not because he was embarrassed! To get fooled by Zac of all people, today was not turning out to be a great day.

He huffed the others off and went to the bleachers to get a seat, hopefully there were some left. Darryl quickly followed behind him while the other two said they would get drinks and snacks.

The bleachers were basically full, swarms of people toasting in the sun. The school colors of dark green and white filled balloons, streamers, peoples face paint, and shirts. People were cheering loudly, some even standing to yell at the football players down at the field. It was basically a circus, a humid and sweaty circus.

“Keep going George, I see everyone” Darryl encouraged, pushing the boy forward.

George was looking around all the people, but he wasn’t able to spot out where they were. He just blindly followed the way Darryl was pushing him and hoped to not get lost.

“I don’t see it” George burst out, getting overwhelmed by everyone screaming in his ear. He had no idea how anyone could stand this. It made him feel awful and he started to regret even coming to the event. He could’ve been at home catching up on sleep or making a new video. Instead he was getting a headache by some lady screaming at the top of her lungs.

“There they are” Darryl pointed out “On the top bench”.

George looked up and finally saw the blonde fluffy hair that he was looking forward to all yesterday night. It was almost surreal how the sun made him light up. Clay had sunglasses on and was wearing a casual blue t-shirt and jeans. It was strange to see how he looked in casual clothes when he was only used to seeing the other sleep deprived in sweatshirts and jeans.

“Let’s go,” Darryl called.

George’s hand was grabbed tightly as he was pulled up the bleachers, all the way to the group that was just talking casually. It felt strange to be up there so easily, almost as if he was a sore thumb that didn’t fit into the group’s aesthetic. He didn’t want his anxiety to get in the way of his moment to not appear weird, so he just kept a normal smile on his face. He put all awkward memories of Clay behind him and looked at him expecting Dream, his friend.

“Hey guys! We’re here, finally” Darryl announced.

The group looked up at them, specifically at George, and everyone seemed rather confused to see him. Only Callahan had a somewhat happy expression. Next to him, a girl with blonde locks had a friendly smile. When he looked carefully, he could see the two were holding hands. It was rather cute, he could only guess that they must be together.

In the seat behind them sat Clay and another girl. She was clinging to his arm, as if he would run away from her at any second. Her mouth had a smile but for some reason her eyes were looking at him hungrily, staring deeply into his eyes. It made him feel rather uncomfortable. He could’ve sworn this had to be Clay’s girlfriend, but she was acting like she had no boyfriend at all.

“This is George” Darryl introduced “In case anyone didn’t know”.

George offered everyone a shy wave, which resulted in a few more friendly smiles compared to before. Even Clay had given him a more friendly smile, he even went so far as to move over so George and Darryl could sit next to them.

“Thank you” George whispered, trying his best with an American accent. He doubted that two words would blow his cover, although it wouldn’t be impossible.

“You like Dream?” Clay asked him, pointing at his shirt.

“Uh, Yeah” George mumbled, a blush creeping onto his face “Big fan”.

Clay hummed “Yeah, I guess he’s okay”.

The two sat there in silence after that, just watching the football game casually. It was strange. Nobody was talking, just kept their eyes onto people tackling each other to get the ball. Sometimes, they would cheer if their school team scored but most of the time it was just intense staring.

Eventually Nick and Zac met up with the rest of the group, sitting next to Callahan and the blonde girl. They began to start the real conversations, talking about how one of the stand workers almost called security on Zac because he was making customers uncomfortable. Something about how the two were arguing and nobody knew they were joking. Everyone laughed at the story and then the silence came back as the attention went back to the game.

The football game was intense and George found himself genuinely enjoying it. He didn’t know what the rules were or anything but it was fun to see other people tackle each other. Sometimes Clay would get a little upset over the game and yell a too loud, causing onlookers to glare at him. The way he apologized to them in his sweet voice made George chuckle lightly.

“Don’t laugh at me George” Clay laughed. This only made him want to laugh louder but he tried to restrain himself to a wide grin. The blonde boy was easily able to tell the other was still laughing, but he let it go with his own chuckle.

They stayed that way for a while. Clay would comment on the game and George would give a nod of understanding or a giggle. For some reason, he couldn’t stop smiling the rest of the game. When he looked up to see emerald eyes looking at him, it only made him smile wider. At one point he thought the others cheeks were getting red, but shook the idea off. *It was probably just the heat* , George thought.

At the final quarter of the game, George excused himself from the group. It was starting to get unbelievable hot and the last thing he needed was a heat stroke. He was used to Britain’s weather not Florida.

“Be right back” He told Darryl before walking off to somewhere that had water and a shady place.

George was at a vending machine, trying to stick the dollar into the stubborn hunk of metal when a female voice was heard behind him.

“George” The girl who had been attached to clay before called, running up to him “Can you get me a water too”.

She stared at him with bright eyes and a smile that looked too genuine. He wanted to say no, tell her to buy her own drink but he decided that one more dollar couldn’t hurt. After all, Dream considered her somewhat important if he was still staying with her.

“Okay” he mumbled, taking the water bottle he just got and handing it to her “Here you go”.

“Thank you” She giggled.

George expected her to leave after that and go back to the game, but she didn’t. She stood there and waited for him to get his water. It was rather weird because he didn’t even know her. He only knew she was a girl who slept around and cheated.

“So how do you like the game” she asked “I think it’s kind of boring”.

Of course his dollar chose this moment to not work. If he wasn’t so thirsty, he probably would have said screw it and gone back to the game. He just didn’t want to have a heat stroke, that’s all. He didn’t want to be involved in some sort of awkward situation.

“I like it.” George finally mumbled, failing yet again to get the dollar past the machine's security.

The girl hummed, hand gently rubbing at his bicep “What do you think of getting out of here together”.

Georges eyes widen “What”.

“Well, I think you’re kinda cute” She giggled, giving his arm a hug “So I want to get to know you”.

*This girl is actually nuts* , He thought in concern. Swiftly, he pushed her off of himself and watched her fall her backwards. She hit the floor with a satisfying dud, utter shock present on her face. He didn't mean to be rough but everything happened so fast and he didn’t know how to handle it.

While she laid there, George stood up with disgust present on his face.

“People like you” He spat out “have it so lucky, yet you’re out here burning bridges”. She could hold onto Clay, hold his hand, hug him, and everything without it being weird. She had him all to herself and he wanted it so badly. He was filled with jealousy, it was so unfair that trash like her could have such an amazing guy while he was willing to give up everything just to be with Clay.

The girls eyes narrowed “Don’t be such an idiot, I’m one of the cutest girls at this school”.

George scoffed, nothing was cute about this girl. To him, she was nothing but a gross cheater.

“Sorry, I don’t swing that way” He countered “I wouldn’t want anything to do with you even if you were the last girl in the world”.

Anger flashed in her face and she quickly scrambled to her feet “You’re gonna fucking regret

that”.

The two stared at each other in defiance. Neither of them were planning to back down from the look until sounds of footsteps running towards them took them out of their heated battle.

“What’s going on?” Clay growled.

*Thank god , George thought, tell this slut off.*

He was expecting Clay to confront his girlfriend, ask why she was going after some random guy. While she tried to defend herself, he would tell Clay all about how she was trying to hit on him and then everything would turn out just the way it should.

“Why are you going after my girlfriend”

George was not expecting that. He looked to Clay and then back to the girl who now had fake tears pooling in her eyes. She was sniffing while making grabby hands toward the blonde man. It was such a fake act, there was no way anybody could fall for it.

“He was harassing me” She cried “All i wanted was water but he kept hitting on me, asking to leave together and go back to his place”.

Anger fueled his body at the lies. She was completely twisting the situation around. He couldn’t wrap his head around everything, why was she trying so hard to appease Clay when it was obvious she wanted to sleep with everyone else. Before he could even defend himself, the taller man walked straight up to him. Once friendly eyes that squinted in amusement whenever George laughed now were narrowing in burning rage.

“Back off my girl” Clay demanded “I’m not afraid to send you to the hospital”. Florida men were scary.

It seems as if a group was starting to form. When he looked around he could see the concerned look of Darryl and Nick trying to get around the crowd. On another side he could see Zac, Callahan, and the blonde girl pushing past people making their way quickly to the front of the surrounding group of people. When he looked behind the blonde, he could see the mischievous smile of the girl. Her face basically screamed, *try to defend yourself now* .

“Well?” Clay shouted.

George's mouth felt dry, whenever he tried to speak his voice would quickly die out in a squeak. Clay sounded so angry, it was horrible. He missed how the other would call his name so sweetly, how he would always be sensitive when he knew George was upset. It was such a personality switch, his heart couldn’t handle it. There was no forgiveness present in his voice, only pure anger.

The only thing George could do was stare wide eyed at his once friend.

“George!” Darryl gasped, the first one making it to him. Next followed was Nick, equally out of breath. The two watched as their friend's face was of pure shock.

George closed his lips finally, taking a gulp to rehydrate him mouth. *Everything is so warm*, He thought. His face must have been flushed red with all the attention that was staring at him. Of course, he had to look stupid in front of Clay.

Said man was still breathing heavily, but his face was somewhat softening the longer he looked at

George. He didn't know why there was a change of expression until he felt water fall down his face. Slowly, he took a shaky finger to touch his cheek.

He was crying.

His breath was starting to quicken, oxygen becoming more impossible to enter his lungs. Here he was now, crying like a idiot in front of all these people. All of these people were staring at him, they knew who he was. Clay knew who he was, and he hated him. Everyone hated him.

Panic rushed through Georges whole body, more paranoid thoughts taking hold of any sort of rational thinking he had left. With one last glance at the sweet emerald eyes, he turned his back on Clay and ran off as far as he could.

Just like all of their encounters, he never stayed. He had no confidence to face Dream. The guy he liked so much, he would never be able to let his feelings be known now. So he had to run, run as far away as he could.

George made it all the way to his car before slamming himself inside the vehicle. He quickly turned it on and rushed to put the car into drive. Before he did though, he remembered he still had a responsibility to make sure the guys he drove here got a ride back. A loud curse escaped his lips and he let his head fall onto the steering wheel in despair.

*This sucks .*

George felt awful. He knew he shouldn't be acting like a scared boy running from his friends. All of this could've been avoided if he told Dream the truth last night. if he just mustered the courage to confess his feelings, then that girl wouldn't even be a problem. It was either Dream being his or him realizing that he could never have the emerald eyed boy. It was a harsh reality to accept, but it was true. If George told Dream who he felt, they could never go back to how they were before.

What if he did tell Dream then? If the man rejected him and they had to stop being friends, it would be an equivalency to the end of the world. Maybe they would stop calling each other. Maybe if they saw each other in school, he would give George small smiles remaining ignorant of the whole situation. But there was always a small chance that Dream would accept his feelings. When he was defending his girlfriend, his eyes showed sympathy for George. His eyes were softening for him and he dare say he saw regret in the others eyes. It was far fetched but there had to be some hope left.

After a few minutes, he could feel banging on the side of his car. With teary eyes, he glanced over to see his friends trying to get in. Nick was banging on the side window while Darryl and Zac were trying to slip in the back. They looked extremely frantic and George quickly unlocked the car door.

Nick slipped in and put his seatbelt on, a shaky smile on his face "George, go right now!".

Zac and Darryl buckled up as well, shouting for the British boy to hurry the "*Muffin*" "*Fuck*" up. His eyes went wide, still trying to process what was happening before throwing the car in reverse and getting out from the parking space. When he fully backed out and was going to put the car in drive, he could see a wet Clay angrily yelling at the car.

"What did you guys do!" George shouted, hitting the speed pedal as the car went flying down the parking lot. If all the security wasn't patrolling the homecoming right now, then he would've been pulled over.

George quickly watched as a laughing Callahan and Alyssa chased after Clay before turning his attention back to what was in front of him.

Everyone in the car was laughing their heads off, faces going red. He had no idea what was so funny or why Clay was soaked like he has never seen before, all he knew is that this situation was not ideal.

Nick was the first one to recover from his laughter fest “Clay was becoming too much of a whiny baby, so I tried to cool him down”.

“Zac, where the muffin did you get that hose from”.

This only led to more laughter among the car passengers. George was in so much shock that he even found himself chuckling at the events that just unfolded.

“You know how Zac almost got kicked out by security before. We’ll it wasn’t because we were making customers uncomfortable”.

Zac gasped, trying to catch his breathe “I stole the hose from one of the vendors”.

Darryl groaned “Zac why would you do that! You could’ve gotten into a lot of trouble!”.

“He took the whole hose” Nick was on the verge of hysteria “He took the whole ass hose and decided it’d be a good idea to turn it on”.

The two were in a fit of laughter, now causing George to join in on the laughs. His eyes crinkled in amusement as he listened to the rest of the disaster.

“We soaked Clay and that girl so much” Nick cackled “Well, he kinda deserved it for that stunt”.

They explained to George how the girl was still talking smack about him while Darryl was doing his best to defend his friend. The girl ended up showing a bit of her true colors and started to bash Darryl instead, calling him weird names and telling Clay that they shouldn't hang out. It was upsetting Darryl so Zac grabbed the hose he stole and turned it on to soak the girl. Nick, who was nearby, joined in too. While Zac was yelled at by Clay, Nick took the hose and sprayed the blonde haired man with water. The two were so shocked from being soaking wet, not even processing everything. That was when the three of them, Nick, Darryl, and Zac ran off to go find George again while they were chased by Clay.

Clay most likely would've caught up, but luckily Callahan and Alyssa stayed back to slow the other down. It was by far the funniest story he heard all day, such a crazy stunt to pull on the green eyed man, but was totally was worth it to see that sight of a soaked Dream.

Georges heart still hurt a whole lot, but when he looked at his mirrors to see his friends chuckling and having a good time, he felt like things could get better. Even if he wouldn’t end up with Clay or Dream. He would always have these amazing friends to cheer him up.

## Chapter End Notes

I partially wrote next chapter a while ago, so I hope I'll post it soon.

Anyway, this chapter was fun to write. Idk why, it just was. Hope you liked it :)



# The After Party

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Everyone crashed at his place for a while, just relaxing on the couch watching T.V. They had some water and snacks, just enjoying each other's presence in the late afternoon.

George didn't understand what was so funny about four guys from New York pranking each other, but he would be lying if it didn't cause him to muffle a giggle every once in a while. He liked being inside where it was more cool and the only sound was T.V. on low volume. Here he didn't have to stress about people hitting on him or trying to actually fight him.

"Are we still gonna go to the after party" Nick brought up once a commercial about Viagra popped up on the screen

Darryl gave the other a soft frown "I don't know if it's the best thing to do, especially if *you know who* is gonna be there".

"Clay would definitely be there" Zac interrupted. Two pairs of eyes immediately burned a glare at the oblivious man "What?"

George sighed "It's not a big deal, we can go to the after party if you want". Honestly, he wanted to go to the after party. He wanted to get wasted and forget that this whole day happened. It would be better to take someone else's alcohol than pay for it himself, not like he's ever bought alcohol or drank it before. Plus, maybe he could meet a guy there and try to move on from Dream. Then he'd kick the guy out once he realized that it would be the worst plan in existence, almost forgetting about how much of an introvert he was.

"George, are you sure?" Darryl spoke softly "You shouldn't force yourself to go out if you aren't in the mood".

George scoffed "Why would I not be in the mood to go to a party".

Nick was the next one to pipe in "Because Clay just threatened to kick your ass not even an hour ago".

This time, three pairs of glaring eyes made their way to Nick instead of Zac.

"Well, It can't be that bad" George reasoned "As long as I just avoid him and do my own thing, he won't even know I'm there".

"That's a bad idea, but I like bad ideas" Zac confessed, a grin plastered on his face.

"No way, George," Darryl sighed, "I don't think going to this party will accomplish anything good".

"But it would be fun" Nick assured.

"And if you get into trouble, Darryl can drive you home".

"I mean I can, but that's not the point of this Zac!".

George chuckled lightly, not really feeling much amusement from the bickering anymore "I'll go.

It'll be fine and we'll have fun"

---

It was an hour into the party and George was not having fun.

They had gotten there perfectly fine and got to meet the hosts of the party, a really sweet girl who assured that there wouldn't be any police calls and a nice man who had told them where all the snacks and drinks were. After proving their license and identity to the bouncers, they were allowed in.

"I don't know how you got that fake I.D." Zac had chuckled "But you gotta show me how next time".

"Shut up Zac" Nick whispered "freaking knucklehead".

At first, everything was great. They were all talking to a group of people who were friends with Zac. The group had introduced themselves but honestly, George hadn't been paying attention. He was too busy making sure no random blonde haired man was going to catch eyes with him and pummel him to the ground.

After that, the group started to disperse and he ended up in a new room of the large house. People were chatting loudly over the blasting music but the room was quieter than the one he was in originally. There was a medium sized table in the middle where he could see people playing some card game. It only took a second before he realized it was Callahan and Clay playing the card game.

His breath got stuck in his throat and that's when everything that night went wrong.

Callahn's back was facing him but Clay was in full view of him. He debated whether or not to just move onto another room before he was spotted, but that plan quickly evaporated when emerald eyes looked up at him. Anger fueled from before lit into the green eyes and he could only assume his brown eyes were filled with anxiousness. There really wasn't anywhere to run in the house because there were so many people but he didn't have much of a choice when the blonde man quickly sat up from his seat.

"George" he could basically hear the other say, even though he was still a few feet away "You have some nerve being here".

George gulped loudly, turning tail and pushing himself through the crowds. *Oh my god, oh my god, oh my fucking god!* He screamed at himself, turning corners of the house trying to find some place to hide. People kept bumping into him, slowing down his speed.

"Stop running!" He could hear Clay yell from over the crowd.

*Leave me the hell alone,* George cried to himself, *He is gonna catch me.*

Sure, manhunt with Dream were extremely scary. The man usually followed him with a maniac laugh threatening to kill the other. He should be used to it after recording so many manhunt videos, but for some reason the idea of his name being called in such a scary tone made him want to scream. Now, while he was running from Clay through hallways, he was finding himself downright terrified for his life. It felt so much more surreal and if he hadn't gone to the bathroom earlier, he would've wet himself.

George turned into a hallway that had a couple making out. They stared at him annoyed like he barged into them having some sort of intimate relationship.

“Get out” One of them spat out.

“I’m so sorry” George apologized, cheeks becoming slightly red at the awkward encounter. He went to step backwards and hit into a hard chest. Shakily, he turned his head to see green eyes blazing down at him. A loud cry escaped his lips, pitch reaching an ungodly tone. In a fight or flight response, he ended up pushing Clay with all his might, successfully throwing the other off balance. It was actually quite amusing to see the other gasp and flail his hands around trying to balance himself. He took the others' clumsiness as an opportunity, turning back around to run for another direction.

Another corner led him to a room that only contained a bed. It was a dead end but if he could just leave the room before Clay got there, then-

“George!” Said man shrieked, seeing the blonde tuff enter the doorway. The man's green eyes were blown out wide, almost in amusement like he was enjoying chasing the poor brunette through the whole house. Now, with a scary smile, he watched his prey become trapped.

Clay chuckled, a maniac type laugh “*C’mere George*”.

George felt his skin shiver, watching as the other man crept closer into the room. There was no way out and the window was too high up to climb. It made him sink further into the room in an empty corner. Unlucky for him, Clay made his way to the other, finally trapping him. He took his long arms and made sure the other was cornered.

“Nowhere to run” Clay cackled, watching as brown eyes melted in fear “Nowhere to hide”.

George was stuck, the blonde man towering over him. Maybe if they were in a different relationship, he would’ve liked this but nothing in this man's eyes had any loving emotions. Clay looked like a crazed psycho ready to rip him to shreds, not a bone of remorse in his body.

“You’re a dead man walking”

Before another screech could escape his lips, another couple barged into the room in a drunk haze. They were aggressively kissing, one even trying to undress the other. It looked like they were getting real heated and when he looked even closer, his brown eyes widened.

The familiar girl, the one so attached to Clay, was standing there. She had another man wrapping himself around her, hands all over his body while her lips were smacking against the other. Their eyes were closed, not even realizing other people were in the room. Not realizing that *Clay* was in the room.

George bit his lip, going to stare up at the blonde man to ask if he was okay but stopped. He could already hear the breathing in the other intensify, his anger now pointed somewhere besides the British boy. His once playfully angry green eyes switched, genuine rage and hurt replacing the expression.

“Of fucking course” Clay mumbled, releasing the brunette and walking up to the couple.

George could only watch, sinking to the floor, as Clay walked up to the man kissing his once girlfriend and giving him a pat on the shoulder. The man stopped his kissing and looked at the blonde, confusing and annoyance on his face.

“What’s your problem dude” The guy slurred, his body swaying.

The drunk girl seemed to recover her mind a bit, looking into the eyes of her very angry boyfriend

“Clay, when did you get there”.

Clay laughed “I don’t know, it seems I’m watching you cheat on me?”.

The girl bit her lip, no words of defending herself came out. She just sat there in shame and let the inevitable happen. There was no excuse this time, they were caught red handed.

“I should’ve never given you another chance. Everyone who told me to leave you was right”.

The girl remained quiet and watched as Clay left the room silently. George, who was witnessing the whole ordeal couldn’t help but feel some sympathy for the guy. He tried really hard making things work with this awful girl and even defended her on multiple occasions. The green eyed man was very loyal and caring, it broke Georges heart to witness such a broken expression on the others face.

He could let the other go, let Clay go off and be angry by himself. The other would probably get really upset, maybe even going as far to scream. Maybe the other would get in his truck and drive home, sick and tired of the party. Maybe he would just cool off outside because driving angrily isn’t safe. Maybe he would be calling GeorgeNotFound, looking for his friend to comfort him only to find no answer to his calls.

For once, George didn’t think of the situation as a maybe. He knew Dream was angry, he knew the other wouldn’t leave just yet, and he knew that GeorgeNotFound couldn’t be there to comfort him. Not yet, at least.

George took one glance at the window above him, seeing dark clouds and hints of thunder threatening to rain havoc. It reminded him a lot of his one of his first few encounters with Clay, when he got rained on in an unexpected Florida shower and tried to get shelter under one of the schools soffits. He was surprised to see the blonde, he had spent that whole day trying to avoid the scary man because he thought the other would confront him about their awkward interactions.

Yet, when the blonde had given him such a sweet smile that made his heart race, he had started to realize that it wasn’t fear that caused him to run away. In such a difficult time to figure out his emotions, he couldn’t comprehend that he was feeling some sort of affectionate. He could still feel the sound of the rain in his ears slowly stopping and small sounds of birds tweeting in the distance when the man looked at him with such a soft expression. The way his green eyes glistened in the sun and the smile graced on his pink lips. The man was so beautiful and it swooned George in further than he had expected. He wanted to see that smile again and he was determined to make it happen.

George took a deep breath and ran out of the room to find Clay. The small grumbles of thunder was heard far in the distance, not yet raining, but it would start to rain soon. Lucky for him, there was an umbrella lying at the front door, unoccupied.

He wasn’t going to lie, the idea of taking somebody’s umbrella was a rude move, but he had an important mission. Whoever’s umbrella it was, he thanked them silently before running out the door leaving the loud music and cheering behind him.

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Clay stared down at his feet where a small puddle laid. Small droplets of rain altering his reflection. It was like a little demon staring at him in amusement.

‘How am I so stupid’ He thought to himself bitterly ‘I keep letting myself get hurt’.

The rain shared no sympathy for him, continuously pouring down on his head. His blonde hair

turned a dark shade of brown and his hands started to tremble from the cold. He felt numb in body but his heart ached and felt so heavy.

‘There’s no use in having feelings for people” Anger striking him fast ‘People are awful, they only want to hurt you even after you do so much for them’.

Although his heart ached, he refused to let his tears fall. If he did, it would be like admitting defeat. Defeat that he let himself become vulnerable and let himself get hurt. The flame in his heart was burnt out and he wasn’t sure if he would ever recover.

A smile graced Clays face “I’m so stupid”.

Was it wrong that the only person he wanted to see right now, he didn’t even know how he looked. He found himself longing to hear his cute accent, he missed him. How whenever he was sad, the British boy always made him laugh. The way he would scream whenever Clay would chase him, the way he would giggle at all his jokes, the way he could feel the other boy smile when he said he loved him, even though he refused to say it back.

He really loved him.

But, he was nowhere near.

All these thoughts were overwhelming for the blonde, all he wanted was George. It was hard, knowing it would be impossible to see him. While George was his best friend, he was also a fleeting flame, burning him if he got too close. He kept his distance, only to see him dance for a while longer. If he told him his feelings, how all the times he's flirted with the other wasn't a joke, maybe he wouldn't be in this situation. Instead, he might have George in his arms in a tight hug that he wouldn't let go of.

*What would I give to hear him once again, Clay thought desperately. I want to tell him everything, how I love him and he was right. He was always right.* He would be willing to say it thousand times over and over again if it meant he could have George. To be on call late at night or an early morning breakfast call. It didn’t matter, he just needed something to comfort him.

So caught up in his thoughts, he didn’t notice the presence of a brown eyed boy standing behind the bench. He only realized when he noticed that the rain drops didn’t hurt anymore when landing on him, rather he didn’t feel rain drops at all.

Clay glanced up and saw him there, the weasel of a man he always seemed to encounter. It had to be a joke, why him? This random kid, always in his space and always butting in. Listening in conversation he had no reason to be me. Trying to hit on his once girlfriend after he even attempted to be friends. He hated him, he wanted to be left alone.

There was no bite back though and he decided on his weak sense of judgement to let the brunette sit next to him. He still felt a little bad for making him cry earlier, so it would only be fair if he let the other laugh at his despair for a while. Giving a small nod toward brunette, he went back to staring in front of him, watching the wind blow the trees rather scarily.

After a few seconds, he felt a small warmth next to him as the boy sat right beside him. All up in his space, as if he knew him. While he sat there soaked already, freezing might he add, the brunette just let his umbrella cover Clays whole body. As a consequence. the brunettes shoulder that wasn't against his started to become wet as well. He felt bad that the other was becoming wet just to make sure he was dry.

They didn't talk, just sat there in silence. It kind of reminded him of the homecoming game just hours earlier. There was nothing to say. They barely knew each other. Yet somehow, they ended up shoulder to shoulder in an awkward atmosphere.

Even though he treated the other so awfully, the brunette went out of his way to make sure he was kept warm and dry. It felt so nice, even when it was freezing outside, like a fireplace in the middle of winter weather. He should hate this man but for some reason, it was so comforting to have the other around.

*Why does it feel so relaxing,* Clay thought angrily, hot tears starting to well up in his eyes, *Why do I crave this so much.*

He swirled his head around in annoyance to get a better look at the brunette when he felt a hand touch his. There were no eyes that met back at him though, the other boy was just staring off in the distance at the storm. One hand in his, the other holding the umbrella over him. sweetly, almost, George was offering him privacy to let out whatever emotions he wanted. It was such a kind gesture and yet it made his heart break more for some reason.

The once angry and frustrated tears that fell down his face were being replaced by tears of raw sadness. All the misunderstandings and awful feelings that he kept piled up in his heart were slowly being released from his body, like a soul freshener.

Clay clenched his jaw tight, trying not to let out a sob, not wanting to make any noise. He couldn't stop the tears anymore though and everything started to become blurry and delirious. It felt like his body was sinking into waves of hysteria and he was losing control over himself.

Suddenly, the hand that was wrapped around him started to feel so welcomed. It was like a support line that he took full advantage of, giving it a tight squeeze. It was a reassurance as if saying-

"it's okay to not be okay" The boy next to him said softly, almost invisible due to the heavy rain "I know you're not okay-".

Clay turned his head back to the brunette, about to bite with a false angered remark but stopped himself.

The boy's eyes were watery and tears also heavily flowed down his face. He was looking at clay, his eyes red and there were tear marks. They couldn't be hidden, he wasn't in the rain like Clay was. He was exposing his full self to the other.

"And that's alright".

Clay bit his lip, harder than he was intending as the tears started to flow a lot more aggressively than before. It was like his heart shattered in pieces but this time, he was okay with it. The tuft of brown hair laid onto his shoulder, and this time close enough so he could hear the small sniffles coming from the brunette.

*He's crying for me,* Internally he shook his head, *no, He's crying with me.*

The blonde leaned his head against the other and they stayed like that for a few seconds, both crying on the other. He finally let all the raw emotions and hurt leave as he stopped trying to hide his voice. It was exhausting trying to hide how hurt he was and acting like everything was okay all the time. He wasn't okay, but at least It was comforting to have somebody to lean against when you felt so lonely.

As they both stared off the distance, they could see how the rain was starting to ease up. The once

grey sky that haunted Florida seemed to blend into an orange light as the setting sun began to shine through. So much so, it almost hurt to look directly at it. The orange hue lighting up the puddles on the ground so it glistened the area around them.

A soft genuine smile pushed it's way through, finally feeling some sort of mental relaxation. He was going to be okay, even if he wasn't right now.

The brunette next to him was still sniffing yet the recognizable tone couldn't fool him anymore. George already exposed himself to him and there was no going back to the ignorance present in their relationship anymore.

"Thank you, George"

George hummed, a soft smile slowly blossoming his features "Glad to have helped, Dream"

Chapter End Notes

# Consequences of the Night

## Chapter Notes

TRIGGER WARNING: THERE ARE MENTIONS OF DRUGS, ALCOHOL, ATTEMPTED ABDUCTION, IMPLIED ABDUCTION, BEING ROOFIED PLEASE IF THESE MAKE YOU UNCOMFORTABLE OR ANYTHING DON'T READ THE FIRST PART OF THE STORY. IT ISN'T EXTREMELY IMPORTANT

::: I'LL SUM IT UP AT END NOTES:::

I KNOW EVENTS LIKE THIS CAN TRIGGER PEOPLE SO PLEASE FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY DO NOT READ IF YOU DON'T WANT TO. THERE IS A BREAK LINE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CHAPTER, GO THERE TO CONTINUE THE STORY THAT DON'T CONTAIN THE TRIGGERING SECTIONS. THATS WHERE LAST CHAPTER WOULD CONTINUE.

(Sorry for the long rant)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Darryl was starting to worry. He was with everybody and talking, then the next thing he knew George was out of his sight.

“Hey Zac, did you see where George went?” He asked, pulling on the others shirt “I’m a little worried”.

Zac shrugged “Not sure, maybe he went to get a snack or something”. Then he resumed talking to the other people in the group.

A big frown made its way to Darryl's lip and he decided he would go find Nick instead. He was certain that the other would talk to him more seriously. Crossing a few rooms over, he could see the hazelnut haired man talking with a few different people he’s never seen before. One was a dark haired brunette girl and the other a curly raven haired girl.

“Hey Nick, have you seen George?”.

Nick mumbled something quick to the girls before turning his attention to Darryl “Last I saw him he was with you”.

“I really think we should look for him”

“Don’t worry he’ll be fine, he doesn’t need a babysitter”.

Irritation flooded his mind and he decided that if nobody was gonna help him, he was gonna look for George himself. Since he seemed like the only person genuinely concerned. Apparently socializing and hitting on girls is more important.

He made his way to a few of the less crowded rooms to see if he could spot the brunette but came empty handed. No matter where he looked around, it was like George disappeared into the hoards of people. Worry began to get more frantic as each room he turned to ended up with empty results.

“I can’t do this” Darryl groaned “What if he got into a correlation with Clay”.

While he took a moment to regain his thoughts on where the other could be, a man came up right next to him with a cheerful grin on his face.

“What’s the matter” He asked “It’s a party, you’re supposed to have fun”.

He stared at the man with his aqua eyes “Nothing important, I just can’t find my friend”.

The man seemed to frown in fake concern “I’m sure you’ll eventually find him. Do you want me to get you a drink or anything to calm your nerves?”.

Getting a drink from a stranger sounded like the worst idea imaginable, but he honestly did want to at least have a few drinks in his system. Nothing too insane as he was a lightweight. Under his judgement, the man seemed trustworthy enough, there was no reason to think ill of him. So, he took him up on the offer.

“Okay, thank you”.

The man gave him a sweet smile, “I’ll be right back”.

Darryl sunk to the floor of the hallway he was in, curling in on himself. He could hear sounds of the music blasting and the hallways were so dim that it would be difficult to see him under the crowd. So he let himself be invisible for a bit, just hearing the chaotic sounds of new hit songs booming the room.

Truth be told, he wasn’t too ecstatic about parties. Sure he liked to get relaxed, pet the house owners animals, and talk with people he hasn’t too before but he normally only went cause Zac liked to go. It wasn’t like he was forcing himself or being forced, but he wouldn’t go if Zac wasn’t there.

*I kind of miss him , He thought gloomily, but he’s hanging out with his friends .*

After a few minutes, the man from earlier came back with two drinks in hand “I got a Mojito and a cider rum punch, which one would you like?”.

The drinks appeared to be untampered with “I’ll take the cider”.

The drink was handed to him and he took a testing sip. When he took a glance toward the man, his eyes weren’t on him. For some reason, it felt too weird. He assumed it was his nerves from being at the party but it was kind of unnatural that he was just staring at the wall.

“How is it” The man asked, now looking back into the crowd of dancing people.

Honestly, Darryl really liked the drink. It had a nice taste and he couldn’t help but drink it faster than what he should’ve. Cider was one of his favorite ingredients to add to his drinks. Whenever he had a busy college week and didn’t have plans, he would have a small drink of cider with alcohol. He had to be careful though because he had a low alcohol tolerance.

“It’s good..”

“I’m glad you like it, I can read what people like really easily” The man turned his head and gave a small wink.

*Oh , Darryl thought, I think he’s trying to hit on me .*

“Haha, really? That’s cool”.

Quietly, he continued to sip his drink until there was nothing left. The man continued the conversation rather easily, talking about the most boring of topics. He talked about stock markets and how he used to be a bartender. The bartender story was at least a little interesting but became dull when he talked about how many girls got roofied.

“One girl got so weird after being roofied,” The guy chuckled “Began throwing up and begging me to call a cab”.

Nothing about that situation seemed funny yet the guy still had a big smile on his face, it was rather disgusting. How could someone see amusement in that kind of situation. It was also rather strange how many girls he said got roofied. If he was a bartender, he should’ve been preventing it.

“Did they get home safe?” Darryl asked, thoughts now thinking of George. What if the brunette boy got swept away by the crowd and somebody tried pulling something on the other. With Zac and Nick, they always had crowds near them and they knew how to check their drinks. He was sure they were fine. George on the other hand, hadn’t seemed to ever been to a house party and also didn’t really know anyone that was attending. The British man was the most vulnerable to fall victim.

“Yeah, I usually let them stay over” The man drawled “Then the next morning they would go home”.

Darryl's eyes widen, his head starting to feel a little dizzy. Why would the man not bring them home? There would be no reason to do such an unnecessary thing...

“Hey you okay?”.

It hit Darryl that the man wasn’t talking with a slur in his voice, it was his brain fogging up and being unable to detect what the other was saying. His brain felt so dizzy and there was no way it was just the alcohol. It had only been a few minutes since he started the drink.

“What did you put in my drink” Darryl groaned, his head now throbbing and his stomach was feeling crampy like he wanted to throw up.

“Shh, it’s okay, close your eyes” The man said sweetly “You just drank too much too fast”.

The man put a disgusting hand on his shoulder and put his lips close to his ear. It was so uncomfortable and he hated it. He only wanted one guy near him.

“Get off of me” Darryl tried to shout but it came out as a mumble due to the numb feeling in his lips “Please go away”.

The man didn’t leave though, only got disturbingly closer. Darryl felt panic in his chest as the face got closer to him. With the only strength he could feel in his arms, he tried to push the man away. His muscles were working against him though and could feel the man try and put his arms around him.

“If you’re feeling unwell, I can bring you back to my place”.

Tears of anxiety and fear stricken Darryl. What was he going to do if he was kidnapped, nobody even knew where he was. Zac was with his friends and Nick was probably failing at flirting. There was nothing he could do as the man tried to pull him to his feet.

“Zac” Darryl slurred in a whisper, barely able to keep his eyes awake anymore.

That's when he heard footsteps stomping towards him. A raven haired man was running up to the two. He had a light blue sweatshirt on and an enraged expression. It caused a smile to appear on his own face.

"What are you doing" Zac shouted "Get off Darryl".

The man, surprised he was getting confronted, began to stutter "He was drunk, I just wanted to help him get home. I didn't know he had friends here".

Zac didn't fall for it, he knew Darryl could control his alcohol intake.

"Help" Darryl mumbled, still trying to weakly push the other guy off of him "Please".

A dull slapping noise could be heard and a groan of pain. When his aqua eyes looked downward, he could see the man on the floor holding his cheek. It appeared that Zac punched the man.

"Get the hell out of here" The raven said warningly "Or I'll call the cops".

The man's eyes widened and he quickly scurried off. Of course, he felt some sort of sympathy for letting the guy go. They should've called the cops no matter what and reported him, but the party hosts specifically warned about calling the police. It was unfortunate of the possibility of him having another victim of the night, but the two tried hard not to think about it.

"Let's get you out of here" Zac sighed, holding the other boy up "I swear, I can't leave you alone for a second".

Darryl groaned "I feel sick".

"Please don't barf on me".

A small giggle escaped the older man "No promises".

When the two finally got to Nick, Zac explained the situation they were in and needed to get going. The hazelnut haired boy understood immediately and said his goodbye quickly to the different girl who didn't seem interested in talking to him. It was rather embarrassing but it happened.

While they made their way to the exit, one of the bouncers confronted them "I heard rumors you threatened to call the police".

Zac tried to explain everything again, talking about the roofie incident. The bouncer didn't buy it though, his face stone cold. Just gave them a warning glare and told them they needed to leave immediately.

"Okay, we are going" Nick begrudgingly stated, trying to get out of the house. The bouncer stopped them though "We have a separate door for you to leave through".

A loud groan escaped Zac "Just hurry up, we want to leave".

Annoyingly, they were escorted out the backdoor which was guarded by other bouncers. It was so unnecessary and time consuming. By the time they actually left the house, they couldn't even remember where they came from. To make things worse, Darryl was barely conscious.

"Zac" The wasted man whined "I'm cold".

After a few seconds, Darryl lost control over his legs and fell to the ground. It was scary how badly the drugs were affecting the other. Nick was ashamed and felt infuriated for leaving the other but

when he looked at Zac, he could see fury barely being contained. If one word was said to him, the other would snap.

“Darryl get on my back” Zac explained carefully “I’ll bring you back to the car”.

Aqua eyes stared at the brown ones as he nodded. He used all of his energy to grab onto the neck of the other guy and wrap his legs around the smaller guy. It was actually impressive to see the sight.

“Wow you’re pretty strong Zac” Nick chuckled “Been working out?”.

“My bones are gonna break, just call George and tell him to pick us up”.

“Okay Okay, give me a second”.

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The silence remained comfortably between the two. The sun had set a while ago and they just sat together staring at the now clear sky. A bright moon lightened up their surroundings along with the street lamp that hued a vague yellow.

George was starting to become cold, his black ‘Dream’ shirt was cooling him off too much now. He didn’t want to be the first one to move though, if he did he feared that they would need to talk and he wasn’t ready to face the truth of everything.

Clay appeared to be a lot calmer now, keeping his hand still instead of the shaky mess it was before. What was most surprising thing though was that his hand never left his. They remained in a soft grip that he feared it could be easily broken with the wrong movements.

It was scary, knowing the inevitable would eventually be discussed. He could put it off until the last moment, or he could finally face the truth.

“How long” Clay whispered “Have you known”.

George gulped, small anxiety spikes now reaching his brain “I’ve known for a while now. Although not at first”.

Clay hummed in understanding “That must have been difficult, I’ve treated you so awfully”.

George wanted to deny everything, say that it wasn’t his fault but then he’d be a liar. It was true, their encounters weren’t the best and even just a few hours ago he was about to get into a fight with the other. Internally he knew everything was just because of misunderstandings but he still felt broken at the memories.

He decided to keep his mouth shut, letting Clay say whatever was on his mind. Even if awful things happened, it would be ignorant to just forget all the nice moments they shared as well. There were very few but he had a small hope they could work through things.

Clay began to laugh, trying his best to suppress it with a hand over his lips. Small wheezes escaped him and George became extremely confused. Nothing was funny about this situation so *why?*

“I can’t believe I did that to you” Clay chuckled, involuntary tears leaving his eyes “I spent every day looking forward to the idea of seeing you, yet you were right here the whole time”.

More laughter escaped the blond, but his voice sounded so broken “I’m such an idiot”.

George really couldn’t understand what kind of turmoil the other was going through at the moment. He could only assume it was a lot. With him finding out he was avoiding his best friend and just

seeing his girlfriend cheat. Maybe it was a little selfish of him to keep the secret for so long, he hadn't really thought the effects would impact the blonde so forcefully. His initial plan was to keep his secret as long as he could, he never thought Clay would find out. Sure, he told Darryl and Nick that he wanted to meet *Dream* but he was lying. He was so afraid of the possibility of them meeting, but now that it's happening, there was no fear.

"I'm sorry for everything, George"

"You should be sorry" George said suddenly, a teasing pout present on his lips "You were so scary to be around"

Clay hung his head "I know".

"Plus, what the heck are you doing going around chasing people across a whole house" He continued to babble, trying to hide the amusement from his face "And threatening to fight people, what are you, a toddler?"

"I am not a toddler" Clay snapped back, more life flooding into his eyes.

"Sure you're not" George rolled his eyes bemusedly "but then again, remind me, who was the person who peed their bed?"

A snicker escaped Clay's lip "You did not just go there, George". *Yes, he did.*

"All I'm saying is that-" A loud wheeze was heard, interrupting his sentence. It was such a familiar sound to the brunette and it sparked joy in his heart to hear it. The sound was so distinct, there was only one person whose lungs wouldn't collapse under such pressure of a laugh.

George turned to look at the blonde and see such a wide grin. His green eyes were crinkled into the wide smile and it was such a memorizing look. A look he loved so much even if there were underlying tears in his eyes.

"George, how could you even say that".

"I don't know Dream, it's not like you flood your twitter with that information" George remarked "You even have a certificate".

Another harsh laugh escaped the blonde, red starting to tint his cheeks in embarrassment. It made George want to take a mental photo that he would never forget.

After Clay finally calmed down enough and wasn't having small laughing fits, the two sat back into the comfortable silence once again. They could've joked around some more but they both knew neither of them were ready for that step yet. There was just too much they needed to resolve and talk about. Although George wanted to be honest with the blonde and tell him all about how he's come to have feelings for the other, he didn't. There was no reason to right now, it would just cause too much strain on their already fragile relationship.

When George looked into Clay's green eyes, not filled with distrust or anger anymore, he realized that he cared too much for the other. If he told him his feelings, especially after such a breakup, the other would probably feel more stressed. He had to give it time. Give them time to heal and get to know each other for who they are outside their small personal world.

*Once Clay is ready, George thought respectively, I'll tell him how I feel.*

"Dream, I want to be friends and get to know you more" George admitted "and I want you to feel

comfortable with me”.

Clay smiled “That can be done, in exchange though, I want to earn your trust again”.

The brunette nodded “Okay, sounds like a deal”.

It was starting to get even later into the night, and George was genuinely cold. He almost thought he was the only one freezing until he could hear small teeth chatters from the blonde. It made sense, since the other was soaked wet from earlier and now was in the freezing cold degrees of Florida. The taller boy sat there, fingers beginning to turn a paler white, which was honestly concerning.

George gripped his hand and pulled him up, “Come on, we can go to my car to warm up and I’ll drive you home”

Clay giggled endearingly “Awe, is George giving me a lift? I didn’t know you learned how to drive on the other side of the road”.

A loud huff escaped the brunette “Yes, I learned how to drive on the other side of the road, it’s not that hard”.

He pulled the blonde with him, their hands still interlocked into a tight grip. It would’ve been weird if anyone saw but neither of them wanted to let go of the warmth. The sensation was so comforting and was the only thing keeping from either of them running away. They were determined to keep themselves in their safe space, even if they were outside. To them, it basically felt like they were back online discussing whatever was on their mind in their own personal world.

Finally, they made it to the car and their once interlocked hands were separated. It was hard to let go but sometimes you need to trust the other person. If any of them wanted to run away, now was the only chance.

George hopped into the front seat and waited patiently for the blonde to sink into the passenger seat.

“What the hell George?” Clay gasped “Why are there boxes in the car”.

A loud groan escaped the other “I needed them when I moved, I just haven’t touched those ones yet”.

“Can you turn on the heat” The blonde begged “it’s freezing”.

“Stop whining, I need to wait for the car to start up or else you only will get cold air-”

Clay turned on the heat and found out the hard way.

“Oh my fuc-” He shivered under the chilly waves and immediately turned the heater off “Frick- Very cold George”.

“I told you”

“Move the car please oh my god, I’m gonna die George”.

George rolled his eyes “You’re not gonna die, you’re just gonna have to wait a few minutes to let the car run”.

A few minutes later, just how George said despite the blondes crying, the heat started up and

began to warm up the car. Clay kept on shivering and it was a little concerning to see. If the other got sick then that would be awful.

George's phone began to ring and he looked down to see Nick's user.

"Hello?"

"Georgie, come pick us up please" Sounds of mumbling anger could be heard in the background.

"Where are you guys, weren't you at the party?"

"Zac got us kicked out" Nick sighed "Again".

Somehow, he wasn't surprised. More sounds of groans could be heard.

"Okay, I'll come, Just- where are you?"

Nick began to explain where they were, describing the street on the opposite side of the road. Something about Cherry Ave. George started up the car and drove toward the road explained to him.

"What happened?" Clay asked.

"I don't know but it doesn't sound good..."

## Chapter End Notes

Summary of the top part in simplified terms: Darryl drank some apple juice and a guy started to bother him so Zac roughed the guy up a bit and then they got kicked out :) Anyway, thank you for reading if you did. I'm sorry about the sensitive content, if it's too much I'll edit it out into better terms. I know this story isn't rated explicit so I want to make sure it's fair for anyone who clicked on the story expecting safer content. I also apologize for the cliff hanger last chapter <3 I have a vague idea of how the story is gonna end and I speculate maybe three more chapters?

# Peaceful Rest

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The two drove in silence for a while while George concentrated on the street signs. It was difficult due to the dark lighting and lack of street lights in the relative area, so he ended up taking a few wrong turns. The directions from Sapnap weren't the best either, making the whole process difficult.

“What, weren't we just on this street” George grumbled, taking a quick left onto some random road “I swear we are going in circles”.

Clay hummed “Yeah, you took about two wrong lefts, next left we should be back on the road we came from”.

The brunettes eyes widen. “Then why didn't you tell me, idiot” He practically screamed, taking a hit to the brakes so he could back up to a different street. They were probably lost by now, he had no idea where to go based on Nick's directions. All the roads looked the same to him and some of the street signs made no sense, actually, some roads didn't even have the street sign, just the pole where the remembrances of the sign name once was.

“I know where we are, just take another left up here” The blonde explained carefully.

George did as he was told, taking a left onto the next street “Then take a right at the end of the road”. They continued down the path as more silence flooded the car again.

“You really know your way around here” George stated, eliciting a smile from the green eyed boy. As they started to approach the end of the road, Clay began to tense up slightly. His knees were shaking on the vehicles floor in anticipation.

“Take a right here, it'll take us down and Cherry Ave. should be to the left” He described. George glanced over to see a worrisome expression on the others face, which didn't make much sense because they hadn't even said anything. Well, nothing important except directions.

“What's wrong” He asked cautiously, trying to be somewhat considerate of how the blonde was feeling.

“Nothing, just wondering how awkward everything is gonna be,” Clay responded as honest as he could “also, just a tiny bit curious what happened during the party after we left”.

A loud yawn escaped George's lips, rudely interrupting the others ranting thoughts. It wasn't on purpose, per se, but nonetheless appeared that way. Taking a quick left onto Cherry Ave, he could feel his eyes already dropping, eyelids heavier than he remembered. He hadn't slept too much last night and with the addition of homecoming and a party all in the same day, he was both physically and mentally worn out.

“Hey George” Clay whispered “sleepy Georgie”.

The brunette gave the man a playful glare before continuing down the street, looking for any silhouette of people.

“What Dream” George whispered back.

“Want me to drive everyone home?” before the older boy could say no, Clay continued “You seem too tired to drive right now”.

George wanted to say no, it was his car and he didn’t even know how well the other could drive. It felt like it would be a risky decision but it was true that he was tired. The street signs were starting to become overly blurry and his eyes were slightly cross eyed. It was straining to just keep his eyelids open, and to drive home which was thirty minutes away, it might be safer if he *wasn’t* the one at the wheel.

“As long as you promise to not destroy my car” George joked, finally spotting three figure standing under a dying street lamp “There they are”.

The vehicle pulled up to the curve in front of the three boys who were shivering in the cold. For some reason, Darryl was clinging onto Zac’s back while Nick was trying to make sure the raven haired boy wasn’t going to fall over. He quickly unlocked the door to allow for the freezing boys to come into the now warm car.

Darryl slipped in first, shakily moving to the window seat, hands wrapped around himself with eyes barely focusing. He looked like a wreck, his hair was clinging to his forehead while his face had sweaty marks all over it. Somehow he still managed a wide grin when he saw the two.

“George, you’re safe!” The boy giggled “I’m so glad”.

The brunette was confused about the statement until he realized their promise to him before going to the party. He was safe, but it was cut real close.

Zac was the next to come in, falling into the middle with a loud sigh “That was the worst party ever”.

Nick was the last one to enter, shutting the door with a clank, before sinking into his seat “tell me about it”.

George didn’t press any details while he let the car stay in park for a little while, letting the three warm up in silence. There was no reason to rush home just yet and even Clay seemed more troubled than he was before. It didn’t process yet until George turned head to look at Darryl woosily moving his head as if trying to balance.

“Hehe” aqua eyes lit up in amusement “Clay has two heads”.

Zac and Nick, as if in complete unison, glanced up to the seat in front of them, looking at a blonde tuft of hair and green eyes that stared back at them

“Hi” Clay replied as cheerfully as possible “how was the party?”.

"That's an interesting face" Zac mumbled.

“Oh it was great, had the most splendid time, buddy” Nick replied sarcastically “When did you and George get so friendly to occupy even the same space?”

A small chuckle escaped Clay, small traces of embarrassment in his eyes making him look away. “It’s a long story, but cut short we ended up talking about everything so we’re good”. In reality, they weren’t good yet, but the most troubling parts were over. *Our friends don't need to know that*, George thought, *they shouldn't worry about unnecessary things*.

“Awe, you guys are so cute when being little muffins” Darryl slurred, a happy and tired expression

on his face “love when my friends get along”.

George smiled softly, knowing something definitely was wrong with the eldest boy, his eyes were practically glazing over and the small mumbled that came from his mouth weren't coherent anymore. Just half finished sentences.

“What happened to Darryl” George finally decided to ask when he realized nobody was gonna explain. The raven haired boy and hazelnut haired boy exchanged knowing looks before going back to answer the brunette. Zac, who seemed the most frustrated at the statement, explained everything.

“We were at the party and when Darryl noticed you missing, he went to go look for you. He asked us to come but-” he paused, biting his lower lip as if trying to suppress guilty emotions “I didn't, I told him that you would be fine on your own”.

*Well* , George thought bitterly, *he wasn't wrong* . He had managed to survive on his own for like two minutes before bumping into Clay. After that, it was a mouse and cat chase all around the strangers home.

“After I realized that Darryl hadn't come back in a while, I went to go look for him. I figured, him being left alone at a party isn't the best idea and I was right”

Darryl let out a small chuckle “Zac, everything spin”.

“I found a random guy wrapped around him while he was acting like this, punched the guy and threatened to call the cops, found Nick, and then we got kicked out” he summarized “Maybe if we looked for you with him, we could've prevented this ordeal”.

George felt awful looking at the delirious boy. He couldn't comprehend that while he was out embracing his moments with Clay, Darryl was looking for him, making sure he was safe. The aqua eyed boy was truly a good friend, it was the worst to see him like *that*.

“My house is closer” George explained “I can drive us there and get him some medicine to help-” Clay cut him off though.

“I'll drive” he advised “Since you can barely keep your eyes open, and our apartment complex is closer. We all live there so it's better in general”.

It made sense, but he didn't wanna agree so fast. The idea of going to Clays place, to *Dreams* place, where he's recorded and everything. It was too much too early. He had no idea if he was ready for that.

“Wait, Dream”.

Clay hushed him “It's okay, I told you I won't crash your car”.

George stopped, sinking into confident green eyes. He seemed willing to put his sensitive trust on the line to make sure they all got home safe.

“If you want, I'll drop you off at your place after”.

The brunette finally agreed "If you crash my car you're paying for it". Green eyes rolled back at him with an amused smile. He opened the door so they could switch places, Clay did the same. When they passed each other in the front of the car, the older couldn't help but comment.

“You don’t need to drive me home, I can just stay over, if that’s okay”.

The blonde froze at the offer, stuttering out words in surprise “W-what, of course it’s okay”. The last thing he was expecting was for the brown haired boy to want to share the same space as him for a night. The words fueling his being and giving him motivation to drive as carefully as possible.

When Clay slipped back into the car, fixing the seat placement and the mirrors, he couldn’t help but feel somewhat nervous at the dark eyes that bore down on him. The stare was lingering down his spine and when he turned his head to meet them, they glanced away quickly. A small frown graced his lips as he started the car up, pulling a blinker on, and driving away from the curve.

“Can’t believe I didn’t get a single number” Nick mumbled “I spoke to five people too”.

“I’m not surprised” Clay muttered, an easy smirk meeting his eyes.

“Sorry we can’t all be like you” Nick sassed back “I got receipts”.

The blonde rolled his eyes before focusing back on the road.

“What kind of receipts” George asked, curiosity filling his brain, turning to look back at Nick.

“Well Dreamie boy here has an amazing reputation” The younger boy started, a large grin reaching his face “A Mr. HeartBreaker, if you will”.

George visibly cringed, a low chuckle escaping “What, you broke hearts?”.

A loud groan came from the blonde. “I am not! Nick why would you bring this up?” He whined, teeth gritting hard trying to keep his eyes focused in front of him.

“Receipts” The hazelnut eyed boy responded with a goofy smile.

The rest of the ride was filled with occasional bickering and laughter. It was a perfect atmosphere, while George and Clay sneakily argued about small things or made fun of one another. It was no different than when they were on call together, the only difference is that they weren’t on Minecraft, they were sitting right next to each other. By the time they made it to the apartments, there was a comfortable shift of emotion present. Any hard feelings of the party vanished, Zac was more relaxed with a sleeping Darryl on his shoulder, Nick and George were making fun of Clay, while the blonde was trying to defend himself at the wheel.

“Okay were here” Clay sighed, parking the car rather quickly “now pay the Uber”.

Nick scoffed “Beat it Clay, I’m not paying you”.

“It’s my car, what the hell” George chuckled, sleep deprived tears of laughter coming from his eyes.

Zac pushed Darryl’s shoulders gently, whispering to the other “Hey, Dar, wake up”.

Darryl made a huff of annoyance, clearly not wanting to be disturbed from his peace and quiet. “Zac, my head hurts” the older boy mumbled, slowly opening his eyes “wait, where are we?”.

“We’re back at the apartments” The raven haired boy explained “let’s get you inside, so you can rest”.

The older boy sluggishly nodded, weakly grabbing the door handle but having enough strength to

push it open. He stepped out from the car and began to slowly walk into the building, one hand wrapped around his mouth trying not to throw up.

“Are you sure he’s gonna be okay” George asked, noticing the limp in the boy's walk “Would it have been better to bring him to a hospital?”.

Zac followed behind the boy quickly, holding the others hand along the way, making sure he didn’t trip. It was a cute sight but a depressing one as well.

“He’ll be okay” Clay assured him “if anything happens, Zac can just bring him to the doctors in the morning.”

The other three left the car before returning to the building, George starting to feel some anxiety at the idea of going into Dream’s space. He held the fear in for each step taken closer to the doorway of the room. *At least Nick is gonna be with us*, George thought in relief, *I don’t know how I’d feel if I was alone with Dream* .

They got to the third floor before Nick began to go the other way, opposite of them. “Today was exhausting, so I’m gonna go lay down” The hazelnut haired boy said, not really noticing the agape look on his British friends “Have fun”.

With that, the younger boy went into his apartment, disappearing from their sight and leaving him with the looming blonde. Tense air that was so familiar, came back to haunt their presence. All confidence left George as he walked behind the other into the home he knew nothing about.

“Uh George” Clay started, a small blush on his cheeks “don’t judge my place too much”.

George offered the younger boy an understanding smile “no promises”.

Inside was a light colored room, filled with beige and white walls, wooden flooring, and light colored furniture. It wasn’t anything extreme, rather, it seemed comfortable. There was a hamper full of clothes, few utensils in the kitchen sink, and a clear marble table. Overall, it was just a nice apartment.

“It’s a lot cleaner than I thought” George said aloud, not realizing his words would have sounded rude.

“Not everyone is as messy as you”.

“I am not messy” The british boy huffed, his mind thinking of the sink full of dishes he forgot to do this morning and the boxes crowding in his room.

“Whatever you say” Clay retorted “If you don’t mind, I’m gonna shower, I’ve been in these freezing cold clothes for hours now”.

“I don’t mind” George replied, still looking around in the spacious area.

"you're free to look around" the blonde called, making his way into the bathroom. When The brunette finally realized he was alone in the room, he noticed the noises of the shower on. It was weird to hear and know his blonde friend was just a few rooms over, just doing his own thing-.

“It’s such a nice space” George mumbled to himself, trying to distract, taking a seat on the couch “I never would’ve guessed he lived like this”.

He sat there for a while, awkwardly checking his phone for any messages. There weren’t any

popping up so he took his chance to gaze around the room once more. He spotted a pair of green eyes gazing at him from under the table. It was hidden so he couldn't see it well until it decided to rush out, running across the floor towards him, causing a jump from him.

The multi colored cat jumped up the couch, sniffing him curiously, ears hanging back. If he had to guess, this was Dream's cat patches.

"Hi patches" George cooed, letting the cat smell his hands "How are you".

The cat looked at him with wide eyes before warming up and stepping on the British boy's lap. She was surprisingly friendlier than most cats, curling up into the boy's lap, waiting to be petted. He offered a few scratches behind her ears, hearing the low purrs, calming his previous anxiety of the new area.

"Such a cute baby" He gushed.

"So you met patches"

George felt his soul leave his body, turning around to see wet blonde hair and green eyes, staring at him with an amused grin. He was so shocked he couldn't even open his mouth, just felt his cheeks warm up in embarrassment.

*Oh god, I hope he didn't hear that*

"Yeah" George mumbled "She's really cuddly".

Clay snickered, picking up patches from the older boy's lap, holding her in his arms even though the cat seemed somewhat ticked. He was standing there, just in grey sweatpants and a t-shirt, looking a lot better than the freezing mess he was just a few minutes before. His green eyes, now full of life, pulled away from patches to look back to the brunette.

"I have spare pajamas that don't fit anymore" Clay offered "and a guest bedroom, although I can't promise it being extremely clean".

"Thank you" George replied honestly "I appreciate it".

The blonde boy seemed taken aback, but had a more cheerful expression placed on his face "It's the least I can do".

George was given a pair of navy blue sweats and a casual t-shirt, which he changed into in the bathroom. When he came out, Clay was sitting on the couch with patches on his lap while scrolling through his phone.

"Where is the spare bedroom?" The brunette asked, awkwardly trying to get used to the fact he was wearing pants that Clay was worn before. The strange smell was now starting to be associated as belonging to the blonde.

"Oh" Clay got up and patches ran off "I'll show you, it's just down the hall".

They walked together down the narrow hallway and George got a good glance at photos that hung on the walls. There were photos of baby Clay, Clay with family, Clay with friends, and some very awkward middle school photos that George wanted to take for himself. He kept the giggles to himself while he walked a little slower so he could see everything.

"Stop looking at those" The blonde stammered "it's embarrassing".

The brunette had a knowing grin on his face “Come on, these are hilarious”.

He only rolled his green eyes and continued back down the hall while George looked at the clock at the end of the room. It read 3am.

“Here we are, home sweet home” Clay said sarcastically, allowing the brunette to walk into the room. It had gray walls, some clothes on a dresser, and a lamp in the corner of the room beside a queen sized bed. The room was dark despite the lamp, so he couldn’t see if there was anything else he could tease the blonde for.

“It’s comfortable,” George admitted.

“I’m glad” Clay hummed “Well, I’ll leave you alone now, it’s kind of late”.

The brunette really didn’t want the other to go just yet. He wanted the blonde to stay and talk for a little while, despite his eyes feeling like they were close shut any second. Also, it would be weird if he was expected to be comfortable in a random room he didn't know, although he was feeling kind of comfortable.

“Yeah,” George started, looking at the wooden floor awkwardly, trying to find words of what he wanted to say “I made a new video a few days ago that I haven’t posted, did you want to watch it”.

Silence filled the room once again.

*I’m the stupidest person alive* , The brown eyed boy thought in realization of his words, *It’s three in the morning and you’re asking him to stay with you longer to watch a Minecraft video* .

“Sure, let’s watch it together” Clay replied, a soft smile on his face.

George was shocked at the answer but for some reason excitement was marking his heart. It was like the feeling when your best friend was allowed to sleepover.

He moved over to the end side of the bed to make room for the blonde, watching as he slipped under the covers. The video was pulled up on the brunette's phone and the two watched the unedited video of him completing Minecraft but the whole world's water. It wasn't an interesting video, although it was difficult to code.

They watched the video for a while, but it began to get to some boring parts. George wasn’t able to keep his brown eyes open any more and somehow managed to pass out onto the blonde. He didn’t know when exactly he fell asleep, just unconsciously appreciated the warmth that surrounded him. At one point he could feel small feet stepping on his chest and a light hearted giggle, but despite that, the night was filled with peaceful rest.

## Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter, although it might've been more on the boring side.  
The long day has finally come to an end, so I wonder what tomorrow will bring for the two :D

# Morning after

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The area around George was warm. He could feel a small pressure on his chest and another pressure behind his neck. A bright light was hitting his eyes in an uncomfortable manner, but he felt too tired to care. He was too comfortable to move his body, so his eyes had to suffer for a while longer.

While he kept his eyes closed, he could feel the rustling of movement next to him. It was a slightly subtle movement but too big for a cat. Also, the pressure around his body seemed to shift.

Brown eyes flashed open, staring straight ahead to a sleeping Patches lying on his chest. The cat was curled up and breathing peacefully. It was adorable to look at and when he turned his head, he saw another peacefully sleeping face next to him, one he wasn't expecting.

Dirty blonde lashes were shut closed and pink lips were slightly open, snoring lightly. The boy's arms were wrapped around his neck loosely, his nose slightly rubbing into his arm. The small freckles on his face were danced on his face, as his cheeks flushed at each small breathe.

*He stayed?* George wondered, remaining still to keep the cat from waking the blonde up, *I thought he left*.

The brunette took a careful hand, brushing away blonde strands, taking notice of how the blonde's eyes twitched at the disturbance. It was rather funny, hearing the small whine before turning his body over. His beautiful freckled face was gone too soon.

*Wow*, George thought offended, *that's rude*.

He took the chance to lightly pick up patches, despite her complaining meow, and sat her beside Clay. It only took a few seconds before the cat made herself comfortable beside the blondes back, curling and shutting its eyes back to sleep.

Before green eyes could awake, he slipped from the bed and out toward the living room. When he turned to see the door, he realized he had two options. He could leave and pretended like they hadn't just spent the night together or he could stay and maybe get to know the other a little more.

It was a difficult choice, but he was tired of running from his problems.

"I wonder if he has any coffee," George mumbled sleepily. He felt like he slept a good amount of hours but still felt so groggily. The eyebags under his eyes weren't twitching anymore but every bone in his body felt stiff, especially his neck. When he glanced up the gray walls of the kitchen, he saw the time on the clock read 12pm. Pleasant euphoria from earlier left him.

*That's a great way to start a Sunday*, the boy couldn't help but grimace, *so much for the homework I haven't started*.

He scavenged around a bit longer before finding what he was looking for. There was an instant coffee machine and packages to make a patch of Coffee. After convincing himself that making a pot would be fine and the blonde wouldn't get peeved off at him, he started the brewing process. It was slightly loud but it was only a humming noise. In about 5 minutes, there was a fresh pot of dark roasted coffee, the smell wafting through the apartment. There was no way the blonde

wouldn't wake to the smell.

“George” a sleepy voice muttered from behind him “how are you awake?”.

Clay was a sight for sore eyes. His hair was sticking out in all different directions while his tired eyes had a red hue to them. He looked as if he got little to no sleep, his hands covering his mouth when he began to yawn loudly.

“I don't know, just woke up” George replied, looking for mugs. “Also, I made coffee. Hope you don't mind”.

The blonde loomed over the brunette, pulling two mugs from one of the upper cabinets, before handing a Disney cup one to the other. It was from the little mermaid, Sebastian painted on the front.

“George making me coffee in the morning?” He said sweetly “how could I complain?”.

George rolled his eyes, taking the mug from the long fingers, and pouring coffee into his cup. He added some milk but that was it, he really didn't crave sweet things in the morning. Clay on the other hand was adding sugar and sweetener to his cup, it might as well have been a dessert for the morning.

The two took a seat at the marble countertop table, sitting across from each other in silence as they drank from the mugs. The coffee was a nice warmth compared to the cooler temperature of the apartment and there was a peaceful atmosphere around the two. They had time to sleep and recover their energy and thoughts from the night before. There wasn't any reason to not bring up what was weighing the two down.

“Hey Dream” George sighed, looking down at the milky color of the liquid “There's something I need to tell you”.

Last night, sleeping next to Clay, had been such an amazing experience. It was even better when he woke up to see the sleeping face. He once thought, if he finally understood what the other looked like, then his crush would disappear and they would stop having issues, but he was wrong. When he got to genuinely see Dream as who he actually was, his feelings only started to come on stronger. It was a risky feeling that he couldn't hold back, just one slip of words was holding him back from ruining a whole friendship that they cherished.

There were a lot of insecurities and secrets being kept in their relationship recently, but George was determined to put an end to it. He needed to let his feelings be known, even if they wouldn't be friends anymore. They were just too far gone and the more he waited, there was a higher chance of another random girl coming into Clay's life and taking him away.

“What is it, George”. Worrisome green eyes stared back at him. They were puppy-like and it reminded him of the one time they coded Minecraft so Dream was a dog. That day was a goofy one, but fun nonetheless.

George smiled. This time, there wasn't anyone to interrupt him, he had a perfect opportunity to say what he needed. His brown eyes met with the striking emerald orbs.

“I like you, Dream”.

Clay's eyes widened, mouth opening as if trying to look for some sort of words, but nothing was processing. Nothing could even be said, as the words fell harder than bricks in his mind. Like a tough pill to swallow, he could feel the coffee painfully sliding down his throat.

“Before you say anything” George interrupted the mute blonde “I know this is a lot to say, as we just met in real life and everything. I want to say that I really like Dream, the guy I met over Minecraft and spent countless hours with”.

Clay shut his mouth, letting the brunette rant on “Then I got to know Clay, someone who was scary and foreign to me, but as I got to know some parts of them, they became someone I wanted in my life”.

“George-” The blonde started, wanting to let his feelings out too but was stopped.

“I don’t expect anything and I don’t want anything right now” George explained “I want to get to know you and I want you to get to know me. This time in person, I want you to be able to say you like me as well”.

There was a tense silence for a few seconds before Clay spoke up “I just got out of a long relationship as you already know now and I am honestly not even ready to be starting any relationship”.

The brunette's face dropped, anxiety hitting him fast while he carefully played with the mug handle. His chocolate eyes couldn’t be seen under the dark lashes.

“Well, at least not yet” Clay chuckled “I also want to get to know George more, in person, and when we’re both ready we can talk about it more.”

Brown eyes gazed back at him, a hopeful expression on the older boy's face.

“But, you’re gonna have to be the one to make me say *‘I like you’*” The blonde teased, an easy grin meeting his face.

George couldn’t stop the snicker, laughing at the blondes' implications “Yeah sure, Dream, I’ll be sure to make you say those words”.

The duo sat for a while longer, just chatting about the smallest of things, not caring about time or problems. All the tension and bad memories seemed to vanish, all thoughts of crazy encounters and psycho girlfriends disappearing. All that mattered to them was that they could finally have a nice conversation, comfortably.

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Darry groaned, a mind splitting headache forcing him awake. The whole room wasn’t spinning anymore but he felt nauseated. His stomach was empty, rumbling painfully, and his mouth tasted like throw up.

“This sucks” the chestnut haired boy whined, taking a hand to his head “I want this feeling to go away”

After a few seconds of writhing in pain, a figure came to sit next to him. The man was quiet but nothing needed to be said, he knew who it was.

A glass of water was handed to him and a pill package.

“Thank you Zac” The older boy mumbled, quickly taking a pill and gulping water down. The refreshing liquid felt so good on his raw throat, helping to remove all the bad taste in his mouth. It also helped wake him up.

“Are you feeling a bit better now?” Zac asked, wrapping a loose arm around the older boy's waist,

waiting patiently for a reply but not receiving one “I can get more water, don't choke on it”.

A breathe came from Darryl, finally looking at the raven haired boy “I'm okay, sorta”

Frustration was lined up in aqua eyes, a broken frown on his face “I shouldn't have accepted a random drink, I was being a dumb muffin head”

“It's not your fault” Zac explained, giving small rubs to the older ones back “The guy was a manipulative asshole, anyone could've fallen victim to that guy”

“I shouldn't have, Zac! The chestnut boy practically shouted, immediately wincing at the noise. A soft silence rose among them before a loud sigh was heard.

“I should know better” he whined, voice cracking “the whole night was a mess because of me”

The older boy crawled into himself, soft sobbing noises heard from his covered face. It was depressing to see the other so emotional over something he had no control over.

Zac wrapped his arms around the boy, giving a small kiss to the others temple, hugging him extra tight to his chest.

“The night wasn't a mess because of you” Zac explained “It was because of that guy”.

They both knew deep down that it wasn't their fault but they still felt some guilty feelings lingering. It was suffocating and would take a while to diffuse from their mind. The chestnut boy was especially prone to worrying, so he couldn't even imagine how much stress the other was in.

The sobs didn't stop, just became more quiet as the boy settled down, slowly unwinding himself so he was spread out more comfortably. After a few seconds, he went back to lying in his bed with his arms now hugging Zac.

“I just wanna lay down for a while” The chestnut boy groaned, hugging himself more tightly into the warmth of the others arms.

“That's okay” the younger boy sighed, allowing the older boy to cuddle closer.

“Can we have waffles later?” Darryl mumbled nervously, looking up at the raven

“Anything you want,” Zac replied.

“Can we also put a movie on”

“Okay, if you want”

“Can we-”

Darryl was cut off with a pair of soft lips reaching his.

“We can do whatever we want later, there's enough time, so just rest for now”.

---

It was a few weeks later and the two *friends* were sitting in the library after class. They managed to fit some time together, with Clay's later classes and his early morning classes, a gap in the schedules allowed for a few hours of rest time.

“I'm so tired” George complained, writing meekly at the homework sheet “It's so easy but so

much”.

Clay grumbled “If you didn’t put it off until the last minute, then we could’ve done something more fun off campus”.

The brunette gave a playful look to the other “Don’t act like you don’t have something due next class either”.

The two were slowly adapting to a new pace to their relationship. Due to school, they haven’t really hung out at each other’s apartments because there hadn’t been much time. They did record quite frequently and streamed on the smp server, staying up late hours talking one on one or with friends.

At College, they had lunch together whenever they had the same day of school together. They bumped into each other often, sometimes walking each other to classes depending on who was closer. If they had a ten minute gap between, they would spend it together. It was safe to assume they felt comfortable being around each other.

“At least all of the midterms are done” George offered “they weren’t as rough as I was expecting”

Clay chuckled “I’m glad one of us felt that way”.

Clay was an easy going guy but once it took time to study, it was hard for him to focus. George on the other was able to concentrate for longer periods of time. While they studied together in the library on their gaps of time off, they were able to balance out their study habits. Whenever the blonde was distracted, the brunette was able to bring the other back into a focusing mindset. If the older boy was getting too worked up in his studies, the younger one was able to bring more fun into the work.

They continued on their studies silently when George thought of an amazing idea. Due to midterms being done, they finally had an opportunity to do something more exciting instead of staying inside the library for their spare time.

“Hey, Clay” The brunette wondered “do you wanna hang out this weekend”

It was risky to ask something so implying. He wanted to spend time with Clay one on one and do something different, something more bonding. Maybe if the blonde was ready, he could consider this a date.

The blonde didn’t look up from his phone “Sure, where?”.

*Never mind* , George thought annoyed, *he’s dense* .

“I don’t know, maybe see a movie or get dinner somewhere. We could also just hang out at my place or something” It was as specific as he could get. He described it as much as a date as he could handle, trying to get a reaction from the other. George had no idea how to get the other riled up, whenever Dream was teasing him with his words and saying *i love you’s* to him. Somehow, he needed to be the same way.

Finally green eyes glanced up, a casual smile on his face “Sounds fun, but can we do tomorrow? I have something this Saturday so Friday is better”

George didn’t ask, just nodded “How does 5pm sound?”

“Sounds perfect to me”

It would be difficult, trying to get the blonde to open up, but he was up for a challenge.

## Chapter End Notes

This chapter was mainly supposed to be a filler that's why the time skip may seem so out of place.

Anyway, i hope you enjoy this chapter <3

Can't wait for Dream and George's get together.

# Light up my life

## Chapter Summary

Clay frowned slightly “I’m glad I met you”

Brown eyes glanced back at him, a hopeful look in his eyes yet not acting upon it  
“Yeah, me too”

Clay could feel a pang at his heart. He didn’t want the other to be lonely anymore, he wanted to see a look of warmth and acceptance in the other's eyes. If he could see brown eyes looking at him with confidence, knowing they were for each other, and having no reason to worry about insecurities, then he would be happy.

It’s time, He decided.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Clay stared, worryingly, at the slightly out of place blonde hair. He had slept on the wrong side of the bed, his hair refused to stay in place, and all his nice clothes were in the wash. It felt like anything he could’ve used to make himself look presentable had vanished into thin air. To make things worse, the time was turning closer to 5pm and he barely considered himself ready.

“It’s okay Clay” The boy mumbled to himself “you got this”

Over the past few weeks, him and George began to get along a lot more frequently. After having time to talk and get comfortable with speaking face to face, they managed to hit it off really well. It was easy to adapt to the new change, rather, it was better with the change. He loved the new physical attributes he got to witness over the last few weeks.

When George talked, he had a habit of using his hands during his conversation. If there was something that bothered the brunette, he would throw his hands in the air. Whenever he was excited, his hands would ball into tight fists and his mouth would have a large grin.

He also had noted how much the older boy laughed. Whenever he heard it over the computer, he could only imagine that loud sound being connected to a block figure, but when he was it in real life, it was an amazing sight.

His smile was also incredibly nice, the way he would grin so widely, pearly teeth easily upholding the smile. The way the brunette would bite his lip in embarrassment whenever he was teased.

It was the little things that made him so loveable.

It had been hard to move on from his ex, but it didn’t take long. It wasn’t like he especially cared for her, but he did spend a large portion of time with the other. So for it all to be broken so fast and to be betrayed like he was, it took a little bit to come to terms with everything. When he did finally regain himself, he felt ready to tell George his feelings, but somehow it would never work out the way he wanted it to.

For example, the duo sometimes had little get-togethers at the blondes apartment. It was usually during daytime on a weekend that was free for the both of them and only went on for an hour or so. During the last time they hung out at the apartment, Clay had made a subtle move by giving the brunette a hug as soon as he walked through the door.

“George” he had shouted with utmost excitement “I’ve missed you so much”

“Calm down Dream” the boy had whined, pushing him away “It’s so hot, I don’t want anything touching me right now”

With that, he had to pull away, but couldn’t help but feel peeved at the sudden lack of affection. It was George who liked him, *right*? It threw him through a loop of confusion and for the next week, he stuck with basic formalities for a while.

Eventually, he got over it and moved back to their usual interactions.

Another example, a few days ago at the library. The two were working on some assignments together, casually helping each other proof read some papers and mess around when they decided the papers weren’t important anymore. A few minutes in, Darryl and Zac joined in on their fun.

The couple wasn't distracting and provided a safe atmosphere around the table. They didn’t hide their feelings for each other but they also weren’t aggressively showing off either. Darryl had his seat next to Zac and his hand was under the table, obviously intertwined with the raven haired boy. The two would make small jokes that included everyone, but sometimes they would give each other knowing side eyes that the blonde took attention to immediately.

“There’s actually a nice festival coming up soon” Darryl had explained with a glint in his eyes “It’s celebrating winter”.

“There’s gonna be a bunch of food, games, and fireworks” Zac continued “it’s gonna be fun and you guys should go”.

The idea sounded amazing, time to go out and have fun with George, forgetting about the world around them.

“It does sound interesting” George grinned intrigued “We should go. Me, Clay-”

Dream wanted to soar at that phrasing, his mind going high. The brunette rarely called him anything but his gamer name, so it was a nice little addition that he was getting comfortable enough to use his real name. He still liked being called Dream, but it was also pleasant to be called by his actual name once and a while.

“-and we can bring Sapnap, Callahan, and we’ll all go together”.

His soar stopped short.

“George” Darryl tried “I think it would be more fun going with someone you *like*, one on one, you know?”.

It was obvious the other boy was trying to imply something romantic, like a date. It was almost too obvious, as the brunette seemed put off by it.

“That’s dumb, we can just go with friends” he had replied, a small frown on his face.

Clay had stopped listening at that point, getting rather peeved at his imagination of going on a date

with George only for Nick to distract them in the middle of it. He loved Nick, he was one of his best friends, but he didn't want to share George's attention with him.

Eventually, George just said he wasn't interested in going and the subject was dropped, to Clay's disappointment.

Finally, he got sick of his feelings. He would stay up all night, just staring at the wall wondering if George had felt the same way. Even though he was tired and wanted to sleep, he couldn't with the knowledge that the brunette could be feeling the same way yet he had no courage to give in and say how he felt.

When George asked to hang out, it was a small fuzz in the back of his head. He was so sleep deprived that the words barely connected. For him, it didn't mean anything special, just a casual get together that had no implications whatsoever. Heck, maybe Nick and Callahan would join in too.

The blonde had given a lazy smile and an easy response, promising to hang out on Friday, but it didn't really hit him that they were gonna be hanging out until he woke up on Friday afternoon, which is where he was now, stressing over the meeting that was gonna be happening any second.

He stared himself down in the mirror, noticing how stress he was getting. His eyes were crinkled in frustration and he knew he had to calm himself down. He put his hands on his face, making a fake smile in the mirror.

"No sad. Happy"

With that, a soft knock was heard at his apartment door.

Quickly gaining a huff of air into his lungs, the blonde walked to the door and opened it. Standing there was a regular dressed brunette, in a sweater and jeans. His hair was the same as usual and his brown eyes had the same beautiful shine to them. It almost made him feel dumb for stressing about getting ready.

"You look nice today" George smirked, his eyes looking over the green sweatshirt "I haven't seen that one before"

"Got it from the back of the closet" Clay replied honestly "not too shabby if I say so myself".

A soft chuckle escaped the brunette, making butterflies swarm in the inside of the blonde's belly. It felt like it was so easy to make the other laugh, yet every chance he had, he would try and make the other chuckle.

"Well, let's go then" George said once he regained control over the small giggles "I don't wanna be late"

Clay smiled "Are you gonna tell me where we're going?"

"No" The brunette hummed, turning so his back was now facing him "I told you, you're going to have to wait and see".

The older boy had been very secretive of what they were going to do. He attempted to text the other in the morning, begging for some sort of an idea so he knew if he needed to dress nicely or not. He wasn't even given a sliver of a hint and had to helplessly hope his style choice wouldn't fail him.

The two walked to George's car, slipping in comfortably so the brunette was at the wheel and the blonde had his seatbelt on.

"I would suggest listening to some music and forgetting about where we are going" George advised, a knowing grin on his face "Just relax because it's gonna be a long drive".

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By the time they got there, Clay was in a light slumber, listening to the sound of the radio humming in the distance. The music, slight rocking of the vehicle, and small mumbled from the brunette were so relaxing.

He didn't want to open his eyes but had to once he was shaken awake.

"You can open your eyes now" George chuckled "We're here"

When Clay opened his green eyes he saw blue and orange lights along with people walking in the distance. There were small tents set up and rollercoasters in the background. He wasn't a huge fan of rides but everything else seemed enjoyable.

"I thought you didn't want to go to the festival" Clay exclaimed, eyes wide.

George just shrugged "Changed my mind last minute".

The brunette honestly had no intention of going to the festival, but he saw the way the blonde jumped at the idea when they were discussing it a few days ago. His green eyes were wide of excitement and expectation when their eyes met. When he said no, he also saw how easily the light died down.

George didn't want that light to die.

"C'mon George, let's go" The blonde cheered, jumping out of the car, all sleepiness vanishing from his system. The brunette only rolled his eyes, but also could feel the adrenaline rushing through him at the crowded noises of excitement.

The two walked around the stalls for a little while, looking at small Knick knacks that lined the outer boarding. There were also a bunch of game booths like duck matching, ring toss, bag toss, and many more that weren't in their immediate vision. They got a fair amount of tickets before going off to play a few games.

"How good are you at basketball?" Clay asked with a smirk, glancing toward the court with a short man in front.

"Better than you" The older boy replied, challenging glinting in his brown eyes. The blonde took him up on the rivalry and the two competed in basketball.

After giving the short man a ticket and having two other contestants line up, the game started. George managed a few baskets but Clay was going ham. He managed to hit nearly every single basket despite one or two slip ups. As the points kept racking up, it was clear to the brunette that there was no chance of winning at this game.

"You win!" The booth worker exclaimed with a sarcastic undertone "you can pick a prize from the middle row"

"Which one do you think is the funniest one" Clay asked the older boy.

“Get the yellow duck”.

The worker looked at them confused before Clay chuckled “Can we have the green duck, please”.

The duck was handed to them while George stood there in slight humiliation. There was a blush tinted on his cheeks but the blonde only put a hand on the other's shoulder.

“What game should we play next?”

And like that, past embarrassments were forgotten as they continued on the next fun event.

They played ball toss, bottle ring, and a few others. Most of the time Clay won or neither of them won. In the hour they were there, George had yet to win a single game.

“These games are rigged” The brunette grumbled, the fun slowly dying out. He loved the first few activities but after a while it just got boring to keep losing.

“Awe it’s okay Georgie” the blonde chuckled, nudging the other “You’ll win soon”.

They got to a water gun game, where you shoot the liquid in the middle to raise up the little plush doll. It was a fairly easy game that was easy to lose if you weren’t careful. When his brown eyes spotted it, he knew he got his first win.

“Are you ready to lose again” the blonde giggled with maniac eyes.

“No” George practically shouted “You’re losing this one”.

The ding of the timer rang out loudly in his ears and he hit the trigger. It was like a perfect shot right into the middle as his doll started to rise quickly. Out of the corner of his eye, he could see Clay equally concentrated on his rising stuffy.

“George” The other teasingly growled “I’m gonna catch up to you”

“Stop it” the older boy cried “go away, I’m winning this”.

“Oh George, I’m about to pass you”

“No” the brunette practically shrieked, noticing how the others plushie was right behind him. If he slipped up even once to stop his water, then the blonde would take first yet again. His brown eyes closed in anticipation before hearing the bells of the game being over.

When he looked again, his eyes were wide.

His plushie stood at the top, yellow lights dining around it, signaling the winner.

“I was so close too” The blonde whined, secretly knowing he had let go of the trigger before the game ended, while the brunette threw his hands in excitement.

“I won, Dream!” George yipped, a big smile on his face.

Clay also had a big smile on his face “Let’s go!”

The two cheered together rather loudly, earning a few concerned stares. The worker of this booth only rolled his eyes, telling them to pick a prize from the bottom row. After a few debating choices, he went with a white smiley face.

“It kind of looks like your YouTube icon” George stated, a soft smile on his face “I like it”

With a slight glance, Clay looked down at the older boy and could feel his breath caught in his throat. His fluff brown hair was covering his face in a fun mess while his eyes were glistening in the blue light. The outline of his face was marked yellow from the flashing alternative lights, but a small blush from the cheering earlier was stuck to his cheeks.

*He's so pretty*, The blonde couldn't help but gush as his green eyes traveled down to the others lips. They were slightly pinker than usual, due to the amount of times the brunette bit his lip to suppress his laughter. It was plumped and he'd be a liar if he didn't want to feel them against his own.

“Hey Dream” George called, snapping the blonde's attention forward “I wanna go somewhere, I heard it's nice”.

Clays voice was still stuck in his throat so he only gave a slight nod in accommodation.

George looked at him, slightly concerned for the others' silence. He offered a small grin before gripping onto the others sweatshirt sleeve, slightly pulling him forward.

“C'mon slow boy”

Somehow, the smile that fell onto the brunette lips was always perfect. It fit in so naturally and it made him want to see it more. He loved all the expressions the other made, whether he was chuckling in amusement, eyes widening in surprise, or having soft smiles when he was embarrassed. He loved it all.

“I'm not slow” The blonde shot back, a teasing grin pulling at his face “You're the slow one”

Clay took the lead and started to run ahead and watched a shocked expression reach George.

“Wait, slow down” he shouted “you don't even know where you're going”

When the blonde realized this, he stopped his slight jog and waited for the other to catch up.

“I guess we can walk at the same pace then?” Clay had giggled, loving the way the other just huffed in embarrassment.

“I guess so”

The two continued their journey forward. They had left the grounds of the carnival and instead were sneaking through the trees. It was annoying, the amount of branches that hit his face were obnoxious, but whenever George got a small hit to the head he couldn't help the wheeze.

“Dream it's not funny” The older boy groaned, another stick hitting him on the forehead.

“It's so funny” Clay laughed heavily “That's like the fifth stick-”

Another whack to his mouth shut him up and he actually could feel his cheek start to bleed at that one. It was only for a few seconds but the throb didn't go away.

“Ouch” He whined, covering his face now with his sleeves “George are you trying to kill me out here”.

The brunette rolled his eyes “I would've picked an easier area if i wanted to”

“That’s not what you’re supposed to say!”

The two fell into more chuckles until they finally made their way up the hill to reach a certain horizon. There were picnic benches around but nobody there, instead what greeted them was a large midnight sky full of stars. They sparkled in greeting, the cool breeze welcoming them.

“How’d you find this place” Clay wondered, looking around a bit.

“I got the idea from the web” George lied “They said this was a popular spot”

The lie didn’t help but before Clay gave a knowing look to the other, he had to tease the brunette a bit “Awe, you were researching about our little *date* ?”.

George smirked, a slight blush reaching his face “You wish”

The two stood at the edge of the hill, leaning over the railing to look at the stars. It was such an amazing sight and neither wanted the moment to end.

“I would’ve never guessed we’d end up like this” George remarked suddenly “Kind of thought I would regret my whole life not meeting you”

Clay frowned slightly “I’m glad I met you”

Brown eyes glanced back at him, a hopeful look in his eyes yet not acting upon it “Yeah, me too”

Clay could feel a pang at his heart. He didn’t want the other to be lonely anymore, he wanted to see a look of warmth and acceptance in the other's eyes. If he could see brown eyes looking at him with confidence, knowing they were for each other, and having no reason to worry about insecurities, then he would be happy.

*It’s time* , He decided, *I should tell him I’m ready.*

“Hey George-”

“I think the fireworks are starting” The brunette interrupted, the brown orbs glancing away in a rush.

The older boy was right, in seconds a million bright lights danced in the sky. It was loud and bolting the night in colors of orange, pink, red, and white. They sparkled in every direction before slowly fading away to be replaced by blue, green, and yellow.

When green orbs turned, he could see the brunette flash up in different colors. It was a beautiful sight that got him memorized, his eyes glued to the others face.

George had an open smile, almost like it was the first time he’s ever seen fireworks before. The glowing lights quickly brightened his face before darkening again. It had to be a crime to be so beautiful and happy at the same time.

As if on instinct, Clay grabbed the side of George's face, pulling away his sight from the lights and instead to green eyes. When he saw how the brown eyes were looking at him in want, a red blush peeking at his cheeks, slightly covered up by the pink fireworks, he couldn’t help but think of the other as perfect. He wanted nothing more but to stare at him forever.

“Clay?” Pink lips mumbled out. He couldn’t hear it although he could see it just clearly, but he didn’t want those lips to be talking anymore.

Slowly reaching down, eyes closing, he caught them against his own lips, softly.

It was an exhilarating feeling, sparks began to rush up his spine when he felt the other pair of lips push against him in return. Their lips began to dance against each other as if beating to the momentum of their hearts. The moment was perfect, easily drowning out the now buzz of fireworks.

When he pulled away, eyes fluttering open, he could actually *see* George. His eye lids halfway opened, looking at him in a haze. The breath that came from his lips were in small huffs, a white cloud of cool air surrounding them.

“I like you” Clay mumbled, hands gripping more tightly around the others face, embarrassment reaching his own cheeks now.

A wide grin came upon George's face, confident, his own hands reaching up to cup the blondes hand closer to his own “I like you too”

This time the older boy took his shot, reaching up to press his own lips against the blonde's. The soft feelings were almost too much but he couldn't pull away, it felt too amazing and addicting, he didn't want any of it to end.

They stayed that way for a while, their lips meeting each other in long sessions, sometimes not being able to stop the smile that melted into the touch. Everything at that moment was perfect.

The fireworks had ended a few minutes ago and now the two were just staring into each other's eyes, forehead leaning against each other. The sounds around them were quiet now, only being able to hear their own breaths against each other.

“We should head back” George mumbled, brown eyes flickering downward , back to the addicting lips.

“Okay” Clay whispered, hands now removed from the cheeks and instead finding a home intertwined into the brunette's own hands.

George smiled at the warm touch, loving the way how the other made him feel. It was like he was high on a cloud, the moment being the best thing to happen to him. All that mattered was their own little world as they walked back to the car.

## Chapter End Notes

Last chapter guys

There will be a epilogue tho, so don't worry

I also plan to make small fluff one-shot for these guys, although I'll make them sperate works in general.

I hope you liked this chapter, i had a lot of fun making it

See you soon <3

## Epilogue: Together at last

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George placed the final cardboard box on the kitchen table. It was exhausting trying to move all the boxes up two flights of stairs, but it was all worth it in the end.

“Why are all these boxes heavy?” Clay complained from behind, holding a bag of belongings.

George smiled weakly “most of it is my hard drives and computer set up material”

Clay had a look of disbelief, as if not believing that was all to it.

“And maybe my chair parts”.

The blonde just rolled his eyes and went to start unboxing some of the labeled cases. Some had the words ‘kitchen’ ‘bathroom’ ‘bedroom’ placed on the top, an idea that came from the brunette before they decided to pack everything up.

It was best to stay organized when moving to a new apartment.

George laid on the familiar couch placed in the middle of the empty space. The room was wide and had a medium sized window that showed the outside scenery. The walls were a faded blue and matched with the wooden flooring. It was an ideal space the duo agreed on.

“George” Clay whined from the kitchen “help me unpack”

The brunette had become a master at moving to different locations and unpacking. After moving from Britain into his own apartment, then moving back to Britain, and then finally moving in with Clay gave him a lot of experience. Overall, it had been such an elongated process. Everything had taken about a year to finally complete but now he was gonna be settled in a few days.

“I can’t hear you over the fan, Dream” The older boy said cheekily.

“I have the fan in here” Clay shouted across the apartment “get your ass over here”

A wide smile fell onto the brunette's lips, willing himself up to go help his boyfriend unpack the rest of the kitchen materials.

Clay was sitting on the floor, a large box between his legs while he took out whatever he needed. His back was faced to the door so he hadn’t realized the figure in the doorway yet.

George had to admire the boys back. He was snuggled in a black sweatshirt and jeans, his dirty blonde hair flopping messily to his neck, the sight of small freckles practically invisible attached to his sweaty nape.

“”You called?” The brunette mumbled, a smug smile still on.

“Yes” the blonde sighed “help me organize the kitchen materials”.

“Dream, we’ve been dragging in boxes and furniture the past four hours, you can spare some time to relax”.

“After we finish the kitchen” Clay grumbled, trying to take the last of the utensils from the box.

“Let’s get some food instead” George suggested, noticing how crabby the other was getting “I know you’re hungry, Clay”.

The blonde turned his head, a hopeful look on his face. After four hours of moving boxes, who wouldn’t be starving?

“We should get pizza” the younger boy started, immediately forgetting about the mess on the kitchen floor. Food seemed to be more his priority.

“Okay” The older boy agreed “I saw a regular shop just down the road, we can uber it and relax while we wait”.

Clay debated for a second, noticing how the brunette was trying to slip in time to do nothing. He was almost gonna call the other out for it, but was interrupted.

“I’ll pay”.

*I guess it’s okay to relax for a bit then .*

“Okay, fine” Clay chuckled, crossing his arms “I’ll let you treat me”.

A small blush reached Georges cheeks, but he ignored it “It’s an honor”.

The two relaxed on the couch for a bit, scrolling through the options before deciding on what they wanted. After ordering and seeing it would take about 20 minutes to arrive, they put on a random show and waited.

The two had been dating for basically a year now. They had spent the first month going on awkward dates neither of them enjoyed too much, mostly just enjoying the other's company. After they had realized this, they spent more time just relaxing at each other's apartments playing games or watching movies and cuddling. Nothing crazy had happened the first month.

After a while, they came out to their friends and told them what had happened. What they had become together.

Darryl and Zac were so excited for them, offering to go on double dates which Clay politely refused. He said something about even the thought of going on a double date with Zac made him queasy. Darryl took mock offense at this, but understood it was too early for the duo.

Nick had been happy but also joked how he wasn’t gonna be the third wheel. He was the most affectionate of the three, so nothing was going to change there. They still continued to make videos together as if nothing had happened.

Callahan and Alyssa had also been very supportive, saying they would always be there for the duo if another miscommunication occurred. Clay had turned red when they were having that conversation.

After that, it became normal to see the two together and understand that they were dating. It wasn’t anything crazy as they weren’t being overly affectionate in public, but it was noticeable that something had changed between the two.

A few weeks ago they talked about moving in and then here they were, moving the boxes into their new apartment they shared.

“George, I’m so tired” Clay mumbled, leaning his head on the others shoulders. Brown eyes looked down at the blonde fluff endearingly.

“Close your eyes then” George said softly “I’ll wake you up when the pizza gets here”.

Clay huffed before removing his head from the brunette's shoulders, instead resting himself on the others lap. It was a sight that the brown eyed boy loved to see.

In truth, Clay was an extremely cuddly person and loved the touch of others. Almost every night they had spent together, the blonde would bear hug the other as he fell asleep. Sometimes it was a bit painful but mostly it was warm.

Hands began to brush into the blonde hair, lightly scratching the scalp which made green eyes close. It was one of Clay’s favorite things George did, his fingers always scratched his head in the best spots.

Clay hummed "I like this apartment, what do you think?"

George looked around for a second, admiring their new home "Yeah, I think we'll make some good memories here together".

While Clay dozed off, George couldn’t help but watch the small breathing of the others. The Tv was put on mute a while ago and the only sound was quiet breaths. It was so relaxing, almost making the brunette doze off as well.

“I love you, Clay” George mumbled quietly, his brown eyes closing as he matched the breath of the one sleeping under him.

## Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked the story!

This last chapter was hard to get through even if it's a small one

I'm sad to say goodbye to this story because It's the first one I've ever finished

I'll make a sequel maybe? I'm not too sure yet

Also, I'm planning a few story ideas. I have 3 chapters already saved for a siren AU but I also have plans to make a l'manberg themed AU, all of these being DNF fanfics.

What do you guys think I should work on?

And do you like the idea of making a sequel?

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!